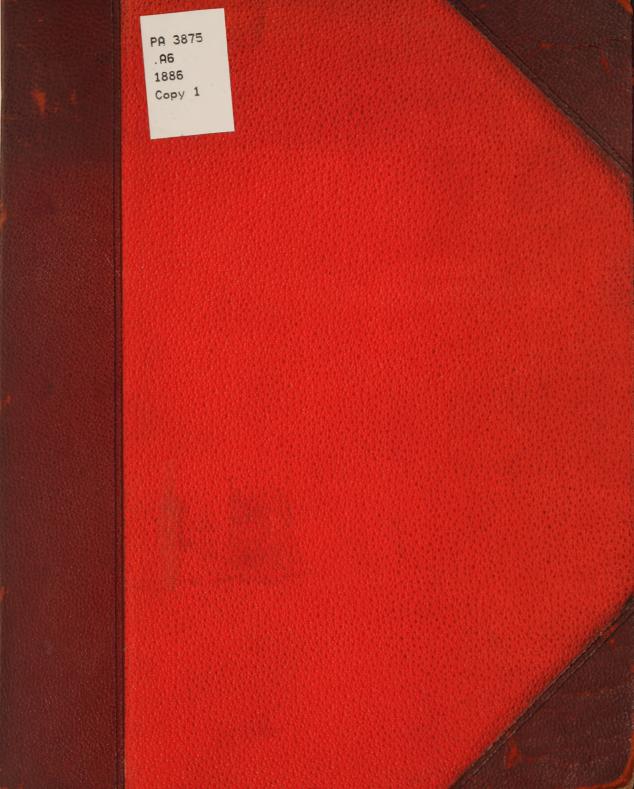
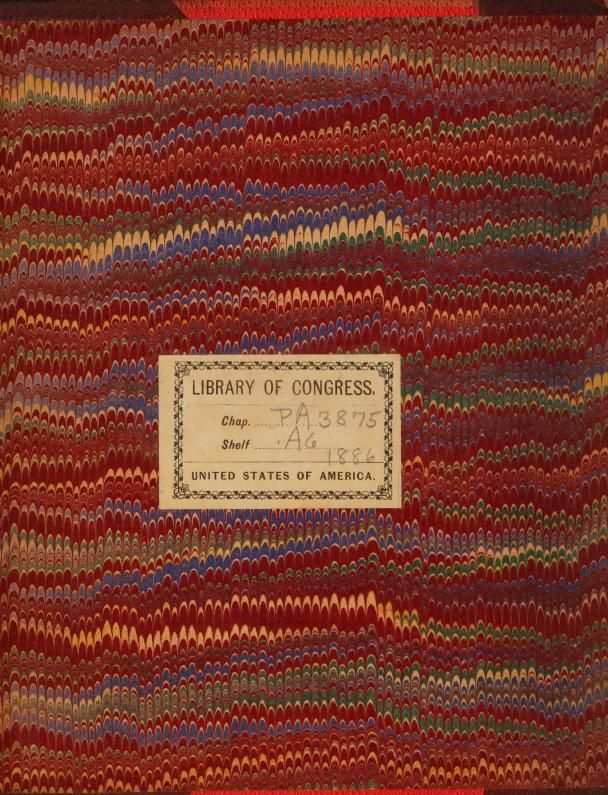
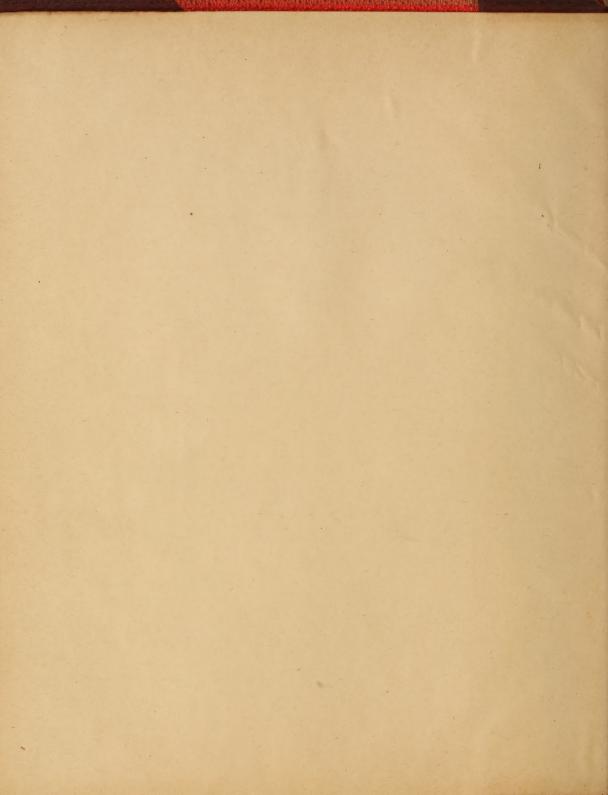
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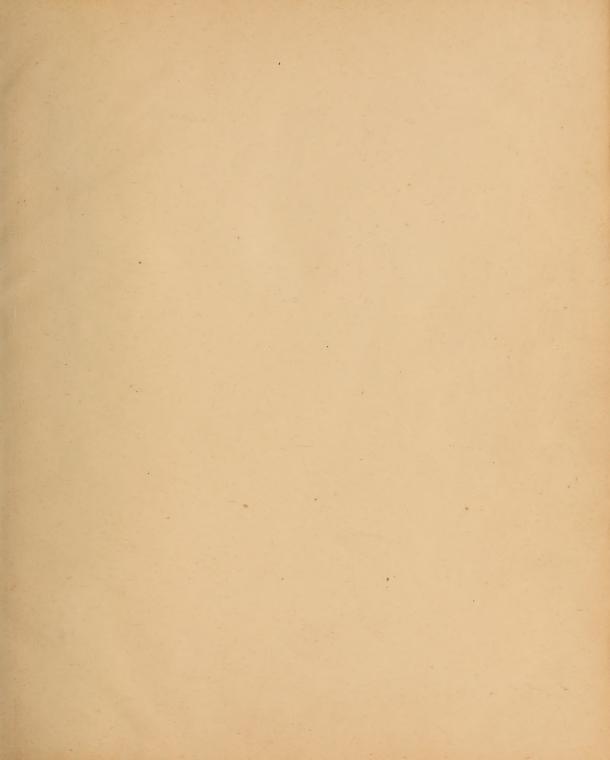


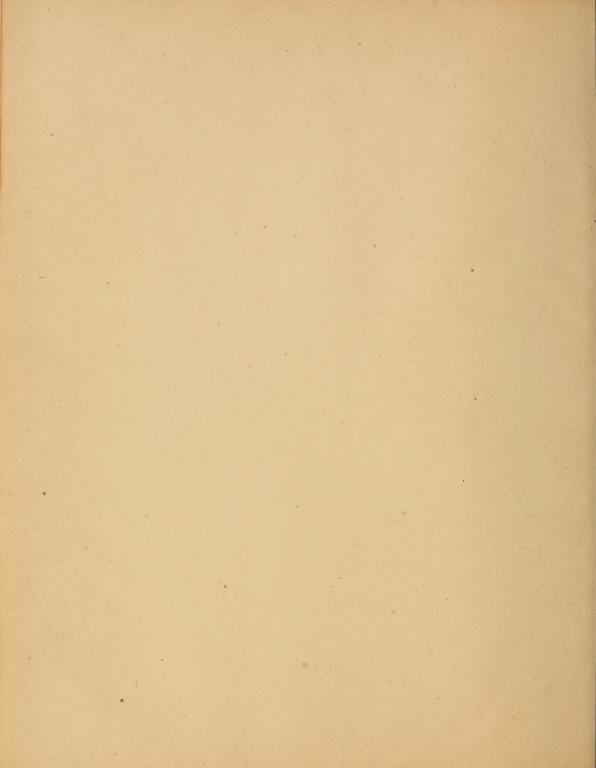


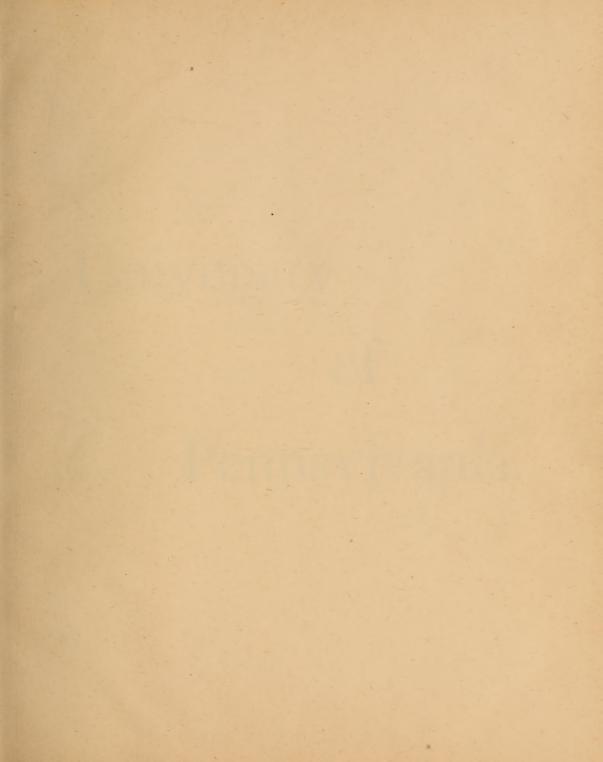


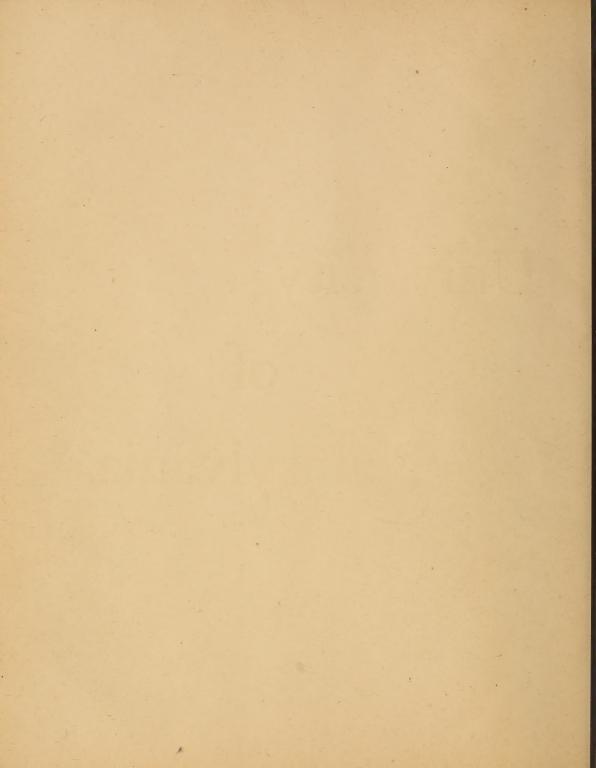








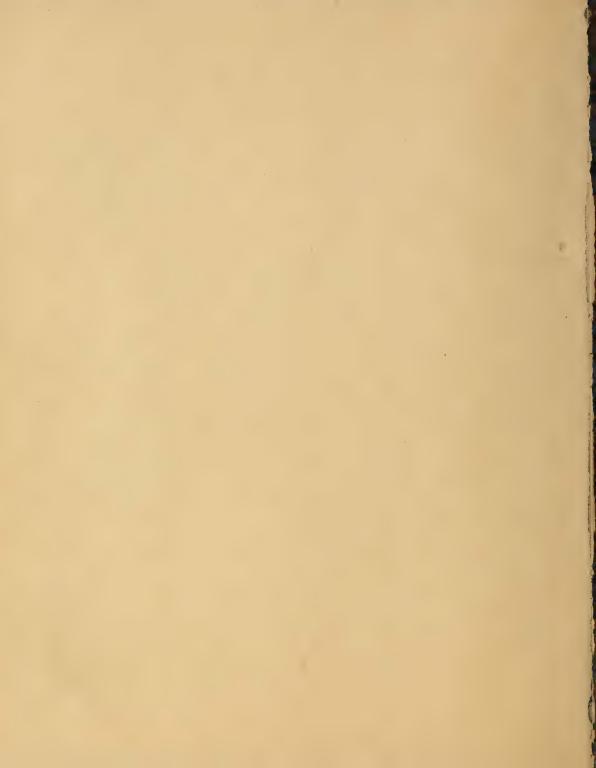


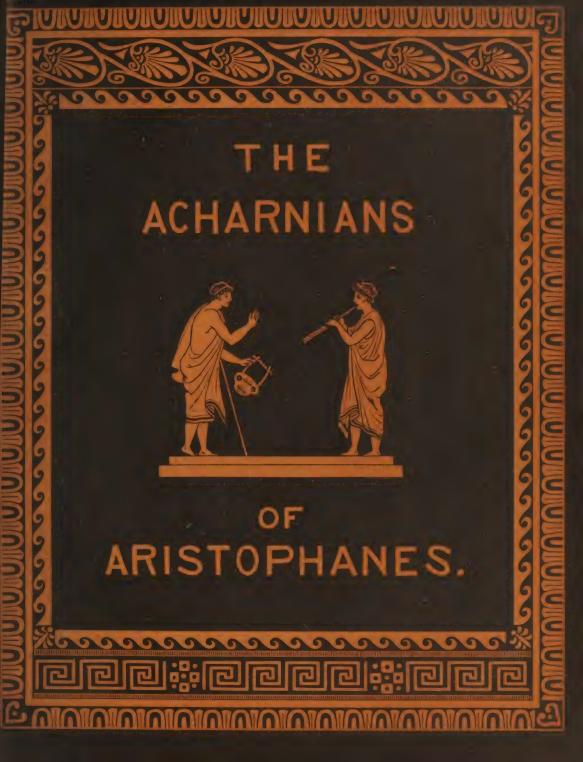


University

of

Pennsylvania.





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PHILADELPHIA.

THE ACHARNIANS

OF

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that I willing

ARISTOPHANES

Performed by

Undergraduates

of the

University of Pennsylvania,

In the Academy of Music,

in

Philadelphia,

May 14th and 15th, 1886.

PA3200

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THE deme of Acharnai was one of the most important of the demes of Attika, both from its natural advantages and from the large number of its inhabitants. These were by trade wealthy farmers and charcoal burners; but, on account of its geographical position, it was very liable to incursions of the enemy, especially the Boiotians, who strongly sympathized with Sparta. At the date of our play (425 B. C.) the Peloponnesian war had been going on for about six years, and, on account of their severe sufferings, the war feeling of the Acharnians ran high. We are supposed to be at Athens, where the Ekklesia, or Assembly of citizens, is about to be held. Before us are the houses of Dikaiopolis on the right; of Lamachos, an Athenian general, on the left; and of Euripides, the tragic poet, in the centre. The entrance on the extreme right is appropriated to the characters of the drama coming from home; that on the extreme left to those coming from abroad. In the distance is seen the Akropolis. In front of the houses are the seats for the Ekklesia, the ten Prytanes, or presidents, being placed on the left of the audience. When the Assembly adjourns these seats are removed; all these are upon the raised stage for the actors. In front and below this is placed the Orchestra, or stage for the Chorus, which consists of twenty-four Acharnian citizens; in the middle of this Orchestra is the Thymele, or altar of Dionysus.

The hero of the drama, Dikaiopolis, differs from the Acharnians in his desire to make peace with Sparta, and attends the Ekklesia with the intention of obstructing every motion except one in favor of peace.

Verses 1-203.—After some weary waiting on the part of Dikaiopolis, the Assembly comes to order, and Amphitheos, who lays claim to heroic descent, proposes to make a truce with Sparta, and asks for money for traveling expenses, for which he is violently ejected from the Assembly by the constables, in spite of his protests, coupled with those of Dikaiopolis.

Two Athenian ambassadors now enter, who have been sent to Persia a long time ago on heavy pay; they have spent several years in traveling, and consequently do not appear in their native dress, but in the costume of Phrygia, where they may be supposed to have sojourned for

sometime: they bring with them three pretended Persians (really Athenians in disguise) who try to persuade the Assembly that the Great King will send them money for prosecuting the war: Dikaiopolis recognizes them, but, in spite of his declarations, they are all invited to dinner at the public expense, in the Prytaneion.

Dikaiopolis, in disgust, calls Amphitheos aside, and sends him off to Sparta to purchase a peace for himself and his family alone.

Theoros, another Athenian ambassador, returns from Thrace at this juncture, and brings with him some Thracian light-armed men, whom he wishes the Athenians to hire; these mercenaries steal Dikaiopolis' garlic, which he has incautiously left at his seat, and on Dikaiopolis declaring a portent, a drop of rain, the Assembly adjourns.

Amphitheos now returns from Sparta with the peace, which Dikaiopolis accepts and retires into his house to prepare for the Dionysiac Festival.

204-240.—The Chorus of Acharnians appear in search of the traitorous Dikaiopolis, who has dared to make peace with the enemy. Whilst they are in the midst of their wrathful expressions, they hear some one uttering the solemn "Keep ye silence," and Dikaiopolis with his train appears to perform the sacrifice to Dionysus; the Chorus are thus obliged to fall back to avoid impiety.

241-392.—Dikaiopolis performs the sacrifice, and, after its completion, the Acharnians attack with stones the procession, which scatters, leaving Dikaiopolis alone on the stage. He offers to explain satisfactorily to the Chorus his reasons for making peace, but they decline to hear him for a long while, though at last they yield under pressure.

393-495.—Dikaiopolis then concludes to dress himself up as a beggar, in order to excite their sympathy, and goes to the house of Euripides to obtain some "properties;" the author thus satirizes Euripides for the realistic turn he had given to tragedy, a wide departure from the conventional stage setting of Aischylos and Sophokles; after some delay Dikaiopolis gains admission, and Euripides, who is engaged in writing a tragedy, is annoyed at the interruption, but finally gives him what he wants and the Chorus bids him to proceed.

496-625.—Dikaiopolis then tries to prove to the Chorus the selfishness and narrow-minded views of the war party at Athens, and succeeds in winning over half of them; a struggle ensues between the two halves, and the war party, which is worsted, calls out General Lamachos to help them; after mutual recrimination the scene closes with a general declaration of war on the part of Lamachos, and peace on the part of Dikaiopolis.

626-718.—The Chorus, all of whom now think that Dikaiopolis has made his point, come forward, and the leader, assuming the character of Aristophanes, descants to the audience on the bad political condition of Athens.

719-859.—Dikaiopolis now opens his market, and the first to appear is a man from Megara, whick in time of peace supplied the Athenian market with many of its delicacies;

but, owing to the ravages of the war, the man has nothing to sell but his two daughters, disguised as pigs; these Dikaiopolis purchases, though he sees through the artifice, of course; an informer appears but is beaten off by Dikaiopolis and his market-clerks, to-wit: some good stout straps.

860-958.—A Boiotian farmer brings many dainties to the market, especially a large eel, and takes in payment Nikarchos, the informer, informers being plentiful at Athens, but scarce in Boiotia.

959-1070.—During his preparations for dinner, Dikaiopolis is interrupted by the attendant of Lamachos, who sends to purchase the eel, but without success. The Chorus sings the Hymn of Peace.

A Herald now appears, who summons Dikaiopolis to the Feast of Pitchers, a prize being offered to the man who, at the sound of the trumpet, first empties a three quart jug.

A Farmer enters and asks for a few drops of peace to comfort him for the loss of his oxen during a raid of the Boiotians, but meets with no success.

Two wedding attendants also beg for a little peace that the bridegroom may avoid conscription during the honey-moon; they are given a little.

1071-1142.—A Herald now summons Lamachos from his house to repel an invasion, and whilst Lamachos calls for the various articles of his military equipment, Dikaiopolis calls for the corresponding articles of his equipment for the feast; and the General finally marches off to the field, and Dikaiopolis to the banquet.

1143-1234.—The Chorus sing an ode directed against some unpopular character, and then Lamachos appears wounded and lamenting, and, shortly after him, Dikaiopolis in triumph from the feast, having won the prize; after mocking Lamachos with jibes and jeers, the General is carried off to the surgeon's, while Dikaiopolis invites the Chorus to join him, and all go off to witness him receive the prize.

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ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

KHPYZ.

ΑΜΦΙΘΈΟΣ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΕΙΣ 'Αθηναίων παρά

βασιλέως ηκοντες.

ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ.

ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ΓΥΝΗ Δικαιοπόλιδος.

ΘΥΓΑΤΗΡ Δικαιοπόλιδος.

ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

ΚΟΡΑ θυγατέρε τοῦ Μεγαρέως.

ΣΥΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

NIKAPXOS.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ Λαμάχου.

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

ΠΑΡΑΝΥΜΦΟΣ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΙ.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

Dikaiopolis. Euripides.

Herald. Lamachos.

Amphitheos. A Megarian.

Ambassadors. Daughters of the Megarian.

PSEUDARTABAS. A BOIOTIAN,
THEOROS. NIKARCHOS.

CHORUS OF 'ACHARNIANS. ATTENDANT ON LAMACHOS.

WIFE OF DIKAIOPOLIS. A FARMER.

DAUGHTER OF DIKAIOPOLIS. BRIDESMAN.

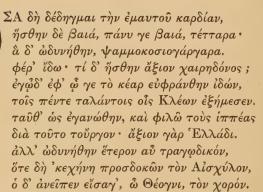
KEPHISOPHON. MESSENGER.

PRYTANES, THRACIANS. CONSTABLES, SLAVES, ATTENDANTS, &c. &c.

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ΑΧΑΡΝΗΣ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.



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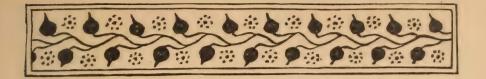
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15

20

πῶς τοῦτ' ἔσεισέ μου δοκεῖς τὴν καρδίαν; ἀλλ' ἔτερον ἥσθην, ἡνίκ' ἐπὶ Μόσχω ποτὲ Δεξίθεος εἰσῆλθ' ἀσόμενος Βοιώτιον. τῆτες δ' ἀπέθανον καὶ διεστράφην ἰδών, ὅτε δὴ παρέκυψε Χαῖρις ἐπὶ τὸν ὄρθιον. ἀλλ' οὐδεπώποτ' ἐξ ὅτου 'γὼ ῥύπτομαι οὕτως ἐδήχθην ὑπὸ κονίας τὰς ὀφρῦς ὡς νῦν, ὁπότ' οὔσης κυρίας ἐκκλησίας ἐωθινῆς ἔρημος ἡ πνὺξ αὐτηί · οἱ δ' ἐν ἀγορᾶ λαλοῦσι, κἄνω καὶ κάτω





THE ACHARNIANS.

Dikaiopolis alone in the Pnyx.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I'm sad and sick at heart; for few my satisfactions; They are but four poor things, and then for my distractions, They are sand mountain-fold. Come let me count my treasure. What was it I enjoyed worthy the name of pleasure? Ah! ves, the sight of those five talents brought to light, When Kleon threw them up; that was a true delight. I thank the Knights for it, it was their doing, and Done worthily of Greece. But, on the other hand, That was a tragic trouble—when my mouth was wide Expecting Aischylos, and then the herald cried— "Theognis, lead the Chorus in;" 'twill be believed How very dreadful was the shock my heart received. But then I own, it cheered me up, and made me laugh To see Dexitheos come in upon the calf To sing Boiotian; but when Chairis thrust his head Upon the stage to pipe the Orthian I was dead! But never since the day when first I knew the touch Of soft soap on my eyelids did I smart so much As now. This is their way; the people should have met This morning early; but there's not a soul come yet! They're in the market-place to know what news is toward,





τὸ σχοινίον φεύγουσι τὸ μεμιλτωμένον · οὐδ' οἱ πρυτάνεις ἥκουσιν, ἀλλ' ἀωρίαν ήκοντες, είτα δ' ωστιούνται πως δοκείς έλθόντες άλλήλοισι περί πρώτου ξύλου, 25 άθρόοι καταρρέοντες · είρηνη δ' ὅπως ἔσται προτιμῶσ' οὐδέν· ὧ πόλις πόλις. έγω δ' ἀεὶ πρώτιστος εἰς ἐκκλησίαν νοστῶν κάθημαι · κἆτ' ἐπειδὰν ὧ μόνος, στένω, κέχηνα, σκορδινώμαι, * * * 30 ἀπορῶ, γράφω, παρατίλλομαι, λογίζομαι, ἀποβλέπων είς τὸν ἀγρόν, εἰρήνης ἐρῶν, στυγών μεν άστυ, τον δ' έμον δημον ποθών, δς οὐδεπώποτ' εἶπεν, ἄνθρακας πρίω, ούκ όξος, ούκ έλαιον, ούδ' ήδει πρίω, 35 άλλ' αὐτὸς ἔφερε πάντα χώ πρίων ἀπῆν. νθν οθν ἀτεχνως ήκω παρεσκευασμένος βοαν, ύποκρούειν, λοιδορείν τοὺς ρήτορας, έάν τις άλλο πλην περί είρηνης λέγη. άλλ' οί πρυτάνεις γάρ ούτοιὶ μεσημβρινοί. 40 ούκ ηγόρευον; τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ούγω 'λεγον · είς την προεδρίαν πᾶς ἀνηρ ἀστίζεται.

KHPTE.

πάριτ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν, πάριθ', ὡς ἂν ἐντὸς ἦτε τοῦ καθάρματος.

ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.

ήδη τις εἶπε;

KHPYE.

τίς ἀγορεύειν βούλεται;

45





And shifting here and there to dodge the scarlet cord; Here are not even Presidents! some hours too late Will they rush in and set their elbows to debate About the foremost bench. And what care they for Peace? Oh! City, City, how shall our discords cease? Here, day by day, the first to come, I sit alone And look about me, gape, I stretch my limbs and groan; I don't know what to do; I scribble, pluck my hair, I calculate, I let my eye rove here and there, I see the fields afar, and let my heart go longing; I hate the City ways; and thoughts of home come thronging! Oh, for my borough home! where no one says, "Come buy Coals, vinegar or oil;" we do not know the cry-For who would buy the things which every farm produces? But I have yet my plan to deal with these abuses. Yes, they may try to speak; but no one shall be heard For noise and jeering who shall dare to speak a word Except about a Peace. But here they are with noon,

These Presidents! exactly as I said; and soon Will follow, I predict, that hustle for a place.

Enter the Prytanes, a Herald, Constables, etc.

HERALD.

Move forward there! move forward all of ye! Further! within the consecrated ground.

Enter Ekklesia followed by Amphitheos.

AMPHITHEOS.

7AS anybody spoken?

HERALD.

Is any body prepared to speak?





ΑΜΦΙΘΈΟΣ.

 $\epsilon \gamma \omega$.

кнрүд.

τίς ὤν ;

ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.

'Αμφίθεος.

KHPYE.

οὐκ ἄνθρωπος;

ΑΜΦΙΘΈΟΣ.

oΰ,

ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος. ὁ γὰρ 'Αμφίθεος Δήμητρος ἢν καὶ Τριπτολέμου · τούτου δὲ Κελεὸς γίγνεται · γαμεῖ δὲ Κελεὸς Φαιναρέτην τήθην ἐμήν, ἐξ ἢς Λυκῖνος ἐγένετ' · ἐκ τούτου δ' ἐγὼ ἀθάνατός εἰμ' · ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπέτρεψαν οἱ θεοὶ σπονδὰς ποιεῖσθαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίους μόνω. ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος ὢν, ἄνδρες, ἐφόδι' οὐκ ἔχω · οὐ γὰρ διδόασιν οἱ πρυτάνεις.

кнрте.

οί τοξόται.

ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.

δ Τριπτόλεμε καὶ Κελεέ, περιόψεσθέ με;

55

50

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ωνδρες πρυτάνεις, άδικεῖτε τὴν ἐκκλησίαν τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπάγοντες, ὅστις ἡμῖν ἤθελε σπονδὰς ποιῆσαι καὶ κρεμάσαι τὰς ἀσπίδας.

KHPYE.

κάθησο σίγα.





AMPHITHEOS.

Yes, I.

HERALD.

Who are you and what?

AMPHITHEOS.

Amphitheos, the demigod.

HERALD.

Not a man?

AMPHITHEOS.

No I'm immortal; for the first Amphitheos Was born of Ceres and Triptolemos, His only son was Keleos, Keleos married Phainarete my grandmother, Lykinos My father, was their son; that's proof enough Of the immortality in our family. The Gods moreover have dispatched me here Commission'd specially to arrange a peace Betwixt this city and Sparta—notwithstanding I find myself rather in want at present Of a little ready money for my journey. The magistrates won't assist me.

HERALD.

Constables!

AMPHITHEOS.

O Keleos and Triptolemos don't forsake me!

[Amphitheos is hustled out by the constables.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

You presidents, I say! you exceed your powers; You insult the assembly, dragging off a man That offered to make terms and give us peace.

HERALD.

Keep silence there.





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μὰ τὸν ᾿Απόλλω ᾿γὼ μὲν οὔ, η̈ν μη˙ περὶ εἰρήνης γε πρυτανεύσητέ μοι.

60

KHPYE.

οί πρέσβεις οί παρά βασιλέως.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ποίου βασιλέως; ἄχθομαι 'γὼ πρέσβεσιν καὶ τοῖς ταῶσι τοῖς τ' ἀλαζονεύμασιν.

KHPYE.

σίγα.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

βαβαιάξ, ὧκβάτανα, τοῦ σχήματος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

ἐπέμψαθ' ἡμᾶς ὡς βασιλέα τὸν μέγαν, μισθὸν φέροντας δύο δραχμὰς τῆς ἡμέρας ἐπ' Εὐθυμένους ἄρχοντος · 65

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οἴμοι τῶν δραχμῶν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

καὶ δῆτ' ἐτρυχόμεσθα διὰ Καϋστρίων πεδίων όδοιπλανοῦντες ἐσκηνημένοι, ἐφ' ἀρμαμαξῶν μαλθακῶς κατακείμενοι, ἀπολλύμενοι.

70

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

σφόδρα τἄρ' ἐσωζόμην ἐγὼ παρὰ τὴν ἔπαλξιν ἐν φορυτῷ κατακείμενος.





DIKAIOPOLIS.

By Jove, but I won't be silent

Except I hear a motion about peace.

HERALD.

Ho there! the Ambassadors from the King of Persia.

Enter two Ambassadors dressed in Phrygian garments.

DIKATOPOLIS.

What King of Persia? what Ambassadors? I'm sick of foreigners and foreign animals, Peacocks and coxcombs and Ambassadors.

HERALD.

Keep silence there.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What's here? What dress is that?

In the name of Ekbatana! What does it mean?

AMBASSADOR.

You sent us when Euthymenes was Archon, Some few years back, ambassadors to Persia, With an appointment of two drachmas each For daily maintenance.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Alas poor drachmas!

AMBASSADOR.

'Twas no such easy service, I can tell you,
No trifling inconvenience to be dragg'd
Along those dusty dull Kaÿstrian plains,
Smother'd with cushions in the traveling chariots,
Obliged to lodge at night in our pavilions,
Jaded and hack'd to death.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

My service then Was an easy one, you think! on guard all night, In the open air, at the outposts, on a mat.





ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

ξενιζόμενοι δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἐπίνομεν ἐξ ὑαλίνων ἐκπωμάτων καὶ χρυσίδων ἄκρατον οἶνον ἡδύν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ὧ Κραναὰ πόλις, ἆρ' αἰσθάνει τὸν κατάγελων τῶν πρέσβεων ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οί βάρβαροι γὰρ ἄνδρας ἡγοῦνται μόνους τοὺς πλεῖστα δυναμένους φαγεῖν τε καὶ πιεῖν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ήμεῖς δὲ λαικαστάς γε καὶ καταπύγονας.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

εἶτ' ἐξένιζε, παρετίθει θ' ἡμιν ὅλους ἐκ κριβάνου βοῦς.

85

80

75

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καὶ τίς εἶδε πώποτε βοῦς κριβανίτας ; τῶν ἀλαζονευμάτων.

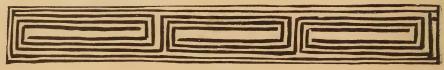
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

καὶ ναὶ μὰ Δί' ὄρνιν τριπλάσιον Κλεωνύμου παρέθηκεν ήμιν · ὄνομα δ' ἦν αὐτῷ φέναξ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐφενάκιζες σύ, δύο δραχμὰς φέρων.

90



AMBASSADOR.

. . . At our reception we were forced to drink Strong luscious wine in cups of gold and crystal. . . .

DIKAIOPOLIS.

O rock of Athens! sure thy very stones Should mutiny at such open mockery!

AMBASSADOR.

. . . . with the Barbarians 'tis the test of manhood. There the great drinkers are the greatest men. . . .

DIKAIOPOLIS.

As debauchees and coxcombs are with us.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

AMBASSADOR.

Three years and something more of this brought us at last To the King's palace: there they brought for our repast Whole oxen from the oven.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Home-baked bullocks! lies!

AMBASSADOR.

Yes, and by Jove, a bird of most enormous size, At least three times the figure of Kleonymos, The name of it was Chetah.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

You are cheating us

With your two drachmas.



<u>nnnnnnnnnnnnn</u>

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

καὶ νῦν ἄγοντες ἥκομεν Ψευδαρτάβαν, τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμόν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἐκκόψειέ γε

κόραξ πατάξας τόν τε σον τοῦ πρέσβεως.

KHPYE

ό βασιλέως ὀφθαλμός.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ὧναξ Ἡράκλεις ·

πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἄνθρωπε, ναύφρακτον βλέπεις, ἡ περὶ ἄκραν κάμπτων νεώσοικον σκοπεῖς; ἄσκωμ' ἔχεις που περὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν κάτω.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

ἄγε δὴ σύ, βασιλεὺς ἄττα σ' ἀπέπεμψεν φράσον λέξοντ' ᾿Αθηναίοισιν, ὧ Ψευδαρτάβα.

ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ.

ιαρταμάν έξαρξας άπισσόνα σάτρα.

100

95

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

ΥΝΗΚΑΘ' δ λέγει;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μὰ τὸν ᾿Απόλλω ᾿γὼ μὲν οὔ. ΄

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

πέμψειν βασιλέα φησὶν ύμιν χρυσίον. λέγε δη σὺ μείζον καὶ σαφῶς τὸ χρυσίον.

ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ.

οὐ λῆψι χρῦσο, χαυνόπρωκτ' Ἰᾶον, αὔ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οίμοι κακοδαίμων, ώς σαφώς.





AMBASSADOR.

Finally,

We've brought you here a nobleman, Pseudartabas By name, by rank and office the King's Eye.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

God send a crow to peck it out, I say, And yours the Ambassador's into the bargain!

HERALD.

Let the King's Eye come forward.

[Pseudartabas advances with two Persians.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Hercules!

What's here? an eye for the head of a ship! what point, What headland is he weathering? what's your course? What makes you steer so steadily and so slowly?

AMBASSADOR.

Come now, Pseudartabas, stand forth; declare The King's intentions to the Athenian people.

PSEUDARTABAS.

Iartaman exarksan apissonai satra.

AMBASSADOR.

You understand it?

DIKATOPOLIS.

No, by Jove, not I.

AMBASSADOR.

He says the King intends to send us gold. Explain about the gold; speak more distinctly.

PSEUDARTABAS.

Sen gooly Jaönau aphooly chest.

AMBASSADOR.

Well, that's distinct enough!

了羊下羊下羊下羊下羊下羊下羊下羊



ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

τί δαὶ λέγει; 105

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ὅ τι ; χαυνοπρώκτους τοὺς Ἰάονας λέγει, εἰ προσδοκῶσι χρυσίον ἐκ τῶν βαρβάρων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

οὔκ, ἀλλ' ἀχάνας ὅδε γε χρυσίου λέγει.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ποίας ἀχάνας; σὺ μὲν ἀλαζὼν εἶ μέγας.
ἀλλ' ἄπιθ' · ἐγὼ δὲ βασανιῶ τοῦτον μόνος.
ἄγε δὴ σὺ φράσον ἐμοὶ σαφῶς πρὸς τουτονί,
ἵνα μή σε βάψω βάμμα Σαρδιανικόν ·
βασιλεὺς ὁ μέγας ἡμῖν ἀποπέμψει χρυσίον; —
ἄλλως ἄρ' ἐξαπατώμεθ' ὑπὸ τῶν πρέσβεων; —
'Ελληνικόν γ' ἐπένευσαν ἄνδρες οὑτοιί, 115
κοὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐκ εἰσὶν ἐνθένδ' αὐτόθεν.
καὶ τοῖν μὲν εὐνούχοιν τὸν ἔτερον τουτονὶ
ἐγῷδὸ' ὅς ἐστι, Κλεισθένης ὁ Σιβυρτίου.

τοιόνδε δ', ὧ πίθηκε, τὸν πώγων ἔχων εὐνοῦχος ἡμῖν ἦλθες ἐσκευασμένος; όδὶ δὲ τίς ποτ' ἐστίν; οὐ δήπου Στράτων;

KHPYE.

σίγα, κάθιζε. τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμὸν ἡ βουλὴ καλεῖ εἰς τὸ πρυτανεῖον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ταῦτα δῆτ' οὐκ ἀγχόνη;

125

120





HERALD.

What does he say?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

That it's a foolish jest for the Ionians
To imagine that the king would send them gold.

AMBASSADOR.

No, no !—He's telling you of chests full of gold.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What chests? You're an imposter—stand away, Keep off; and let me alone to question him. You, sir, you Persian! answer me distinctly And plainly, in the presence of this fist of mine; On pain of a royal purple bloody nose, Will the king send us gold, or will he not?

[Pseudartabas shakes his head.

Have our Ambassadors bamboozled us? [Pseudartabas nods assent. These fellows nod to us in the Grecian fashion; They're some of our own people, I'll be bound, One of those eunuchs there I'm sure I know; I'm positive it's Kleisthenes the Siburtian. How durst you, you baboon, with such a beard,

* * * * * * * * * * * *

To pass yourself upon us for a eunuch? And who's this other? Sure enough it's Strato!

HERALD.

Silence there! Keep your seats!
The senate have invited the King's Eye
To feast with them in the Prytaneion.

[Pseudartabas and the Persians retire.

DIKAIOPOLIS. (Aside.)
There—

Ain't it enough to drive one mad? to drive one To hang himself? to be kept here in attendance,





κάπειτ' έγω δητ' ένθαδι στραγγεύομαι; τοὺς δὲ ξενίζειν οὐδέποτέ γ' ἴσχει θύρα. ἀλλ' ἐργάσομαί τι δεινον ἔργον καὶ μέγα. ἀλλ' ᾿Αμφίθεός μοι ποῦ ᾿στιν;

ΑΜΦΙΘΈΟΣ.

ούτοσὶ πάρα.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έμοι σὺ ταυτασὶ λαβών ὀκτώ δραχμὰς σπονδὰς ποίησαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίους μόνφ καὶ τοισι παιδίοισι καὶ τῆ πλάτιδι · ὑμεῖς δὲ πρεσβεύεσθε καὶ κεχήνατε.

KHPYE.

προσίτω Θέωρος ὁ παρὰ Σιτάλκους.

ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

όδί.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έτερος άλαζων ούτος είσκηρύττεται.

135

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ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

χρόνον μεν οὐκ αν ημεν εν Θρακή πολύν,

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἄν, εἰ μισθόν γε μὴ 'φερες πολύν.

ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

εἰ μὴ κατένιψε χιόνι τὴν Θράκην ὅλην,
καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἔπηξ' ὑπ' αὐτὸν τὸν χρόνον,
ὅτ' ἐνθαδὶ Θέογνις ἠγωνίζετο.
τοῦτον μετὰ Σιτάλκους ἔπινον τὸν χρόνον καὶ δῆτα φιλαθήναιος ἦν ὑπερφυῶς,

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Working myself into a strangury; Whilst every door flies open to these fellows. But I'll do something desperate and decided. Where is Amphitheos got to?

Enter Amphitheos.

AMPHITHEOS.

Here am I.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

There—take you these eight drachmas on my part,
And make a separate peace for me with Sparta,
For me, my wife and children and maidservants.
And you—go on with your embassies and fooleries.

[Spoken to the Prytanes.

HERALD.

Theoros, our ambassador into Thrace, Return'd from King Sitalkes!

Enter Theores and Thracian warriors.

THEOROS.



DIKAIOPOLIS.

More coxcombs call'd for! Here's another coming.

THEOROS.

We should not have remained so long in Thrace...
DIKAIOPOLIS.

If you had not been overpaid I know you wouldn't.

THEOROS.

.... but for the snow, which cover'd all the country, And buried up the roads, and froze the rivers. 'Twas singular this change of weather happen'd Just when Theognis here, our frosty poet, Brought out his tragedy.—We past our time In drinking with Sitalkes. He's your friend,





ύμων τ' ἐραστὴς ἦν ἀληθής, ὅστε καὶ ἐν τοῖσι τοίχοις ἔγραφ', 'Αθηναῖοι καλοί. ὁ δ' υἱός, ὂν 'Αθηναῖον ἐπεποιήμεθα, ἤρα φαγεῖν ἀλλῶντας ἐξ 'Απατουρίων, καὶ τὸν πατέρ' ἠντιβόλει βοηθεῖν τἢ πάτρα ὁ δ' ὤμοσε σπένδων βοηθήσειν, ἔχων στρατιὰν τοσαύτην ὥστ' 'Αθηναίους ἐρεῖν, ὅσον τὸ χρῆμα παρνόπων προσέρχεται.

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ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἴ τι τούτων πείθομαι ὧν εἶπας ἐνταυθοῖ σύ, πλὴν τῶν παρνόπων.

ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

καὶ νῦν ὅπερ μαχιμώτατον Θρακῶν ἔθνος ἔπεμψεν ὑμῖν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τοῦτο μέν γ' ἤδη σαφές.

кнрте.

οί Θράκες ἴτε δεῦρ', οὺς Θέωρος ἤγαγεν.

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ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τουτὶ τί ἐστι τὸ κακόν;

ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

'Οδομάντων στρατός.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ποίων 'Οδομάντων ; εἰπέ μοι, τουτὶ τί ἦν ; τίς τῶν 'Οδομάντων τὸ πέος ἀποτεθρίακεν ;





Your friend and lover, if there ever was one, And writes the name of Athens on his walls. His son, your new-made fellow-citizen, Had wish'd to have been enroll'd in proper form At the Apaturian festival; and meanwhile, During his absence, earnestly desires That the Apaturian sausages may be sent him. He is urgent with his father to befriend His newly-adopted countrymen; and in fine Sitalkes has been so far work'd upon, He has sworn at last his solemn Thracian oath, Standing before the sacrifice, to send Such an army, he said, that all the Athenian people Shall think that there's a flight of locusts coming.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Then hang me if I believe a word about it, Except their being locusts; that seems likely.

THEOROS.

And now he has sent some warriors from a tribe The fiercest in all Thrace.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, come—that's fair.

HERALD.

The Thracians that came hither with Theoros! Let them come forward!

Thracian warriors come forward.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What the plague are these?

THEOROS.

The Odomantian army.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

The Odomantians?

Thracians? and what has brought them here from Thrace?





ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

τούτοις ἐάν τις δύο δραχμὰς μισθὸν διδῷ, καταπελτάσονται τὴν Βοιωτίαν ὅλην.

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ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ύποστένοι μέντὰν ὁ θρανίτης λεώς, ὁ σωσίπολις. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀπόλλυμαι, ὑπὸ τῶν 'Οδομάντων τὰ σκόροδα πορθούμενος. οὐ καταβαλεῖτε τὰ σκόροδ';

ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.

ὧ μοχθηρὲ σύ, 165 οὐ μὴ πρόσει τούτοισιν ἐσκοροδισμένοις;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ταυτὶ περιείδεθ' οἱ πρυτάνεις πάσχοντά με ἐν τῆ πατρίδι καὶ ταῦθ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων; ἀλλ' ἀπαγορεύω μὴ ποιεῖν ἐκκλησίαν τοῖς Θραξὶ περὶ μισθοῦ· λέγω δ' ὑμῖν ὅτι διοσημία 'στὶ καὶ ῥανὶς βέβληκέ με.

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KHPYE.

τοὺς Θρậκας ἀπιέναι, παρείναι δ' εἰς ἔνην. οἱ γὰρ πρυτάνεις λύουσι τὴν ἐκκλησίαν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οἴμοι τάλας, μυττωτὸν ὅσον ἀπώλεσα. ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακεδαίμονος γὰρ ᾿Αμφίθεος ὁδί. χαῖρ', ᾿Αμφίθεε.

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ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.

μήπω γε, πρίν γ' αν στω τρέχων· δει γάρ με φεύγοντ' εκφυγείν 'Αχαρνέας.





THEOROS.

There are a race of fellows, if you'd hire 'em, Only at a couple of drachmas daily pay; With their light javelins, and their little bucklers, They'd worry and skirmish over all Boiotia.

DIKATOPOLIS.

Two drachmas for those scarecrows! and our seamen, What would they say to it?—left in arrears, Poor fellows, that are our support and safeguard.

The Thracian warriors steal Dikaiopolis' garlic.

Out, out upon it! I'm a plundered man.
I'm robb'd and ruin'd here with the Odomantians.

They're seizing upon my garlic.

THEOROS.

Oh, for shame,

Let the man's garlic alone. You shabby fellow, You countryman, take care what you're about; Don't venture near them when they're primed with garlic.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

You Magistrates, have you the face to see it,
With your own eyes—your fellow-citizen
Here, in the city itself, robb'd by barbarians?
—— But I forbid the assembly. There's a change
In the heaven! I felt a drop of rain! I'm witness!

HERALD.

The Thracians must withdraw, to attend again The first of the next month. The assembly is closed.

[Exeunt all but Dikaiopolis.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Lord help me, what a luncheon have I lost!
But there's Amphitheos coming back from Sparta.
Welcome Amphitheos!

[Enter Amphitheos in haste.]

AMPHITHEOS.

I'm not welcome yet,

There are the Acharnians pursuing me!



了等了等了等了等了等了等了等了

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δ' ἔστιν;

ΑΜΦΙΘΈΟΣ.

έγω μεν δεῦρό σοι σπονδὰς φέρων ἔσπευδον οἱ δ' ἄσφροντο πρεσβῦταί τινες 'Αχαρνικοί, στιπτοὶ γέροντες, πρίνινοι, ἀτεράμονες, Μαραθωνομάχαι, σφενδάμνινοι. ἔπειτ' ἀνέκραγον πάντες, ὧ μιαρώτατε, σπονδὰς φέρεις, τῶν ἀμπέλων τετμημένων; κὰς τοὺς τρίβωνας ξυνελέγοντο τῶν λίθων ἐγὼ δ' ἔφευγον · οἱ δ' ἐδίωκον κὰβόων.

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ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οί δ' οὖν βοώντων · ἀλλὰ τὰς σπονδὰς φέρεις;

ΑΜΦΙΘΈΟΣ.

ἔγωγέ φημι, τρία γε ταυτὶ γεύματα. αὖται μέν εἰσι πεντέτεις. γεῦσαι λαβών.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

αἰβοῦ.

ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.

τί ἐστιν:

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐκ ἀρέσκουσίν μ², ὅτι ὄζουσι πίττης καὶ παρασκευῆς νεῶν.

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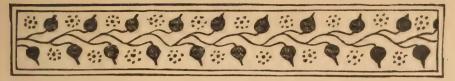
ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ τασδὶ τὰς δεκέτεις γεῦσαι λαβών.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ὄζουσι χαὖται πρέσβεων ἐς τὰς πόλεις ὀξύτατον, ὥσπερ διατριβῆς τῶν ξυμμάχων.





How so!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

AMPHITHEOS.

I was coming here to bring the Treaties,
But a parcel of old Acharnians smelt me out,
Case harden'd, old, inveterate, hardhanded
Veterans of Marathon, hearts of oak and iron,
Slingers and smiters. They bawl'd out and bellow'd:
"You dog, you villain! now the vines are ruin'd,
"You're come with Treaties, are you?" Then they stopt,
Huddling up handfuls of great slinging stones

In the lappets of their cloaks, and I ran off, And they came driving after me pell mell,

Roaring and shouting.—

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Ay, why let them roar! You've brought the Treaties?

Ay, three samples of 'em; this here is a five years' growth, taste it and try.

Amphitheos presents three samples of wine in turn to Dikaiopolis, as representing the different periods of peace, for five, ten and thirty years respectively: Dikaiopolis rejects the first two and accepts the last.

Don't like it!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Eh? AMPHITHEOS.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Don't like it; it won't do;

There's an uncommon ugly twang of pitch, A touch of naval armament about it.

AMPHITHEOS.

Well, here's a ten years' growth, may suit you better.

No, neither of them. There's a sort of sourness Here in this last, a taste of acid embassies, And vapid allies turning to vinegar.





ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.

άλλ' αύταιὶ σπονδαὶ τριακοντούτιδες κατὰ γῆν τε καὶ θάλατταν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἄ Διονύσια, 195 αὖται μὲν ὄζουσ' ἀμβροσίας καὶ νέκταρος, καὶ μὴ 'πιτηρεῖν σιτί' ἡμερῶν τριῶν, κἀν τῷ στόματι λέγουσι, βαῖν' ὅπη θέλεις. ταύτας δέχομαι καὶ σπένδομαι κἀκπίομαι, χαίρειν κελεύων πολλὰ τοὺς 'Αχαρνέας · 200 ἐγὼ δὲ πολέμου καὶ κακῶν ἀπαλλαγεὶς ἄξω τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς εἰσιὼν Διονύσια.

ΑΜΦΙΘΈΟΣ.

έγω δε φευξοῦμαί γε τους 'Αχαρνέας.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

□ΗΙΔΕ πᾶς ἔπου, δίωκε, καὶ τὸν ἄνδρα πυνθάνου τῶν ὁδοιπόρων ἀπάντων τῆ πόλει γὰρ ἄξιον ξυλλαβεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον. ἀλλά μοι μηνύσατε, 206 εἴ τις οἶδ' ὅποι τέτραπται γῆς ὁ τὰς σπονδὰς φέρων.
ἐκπέφευγ', οἴχεται φροῦδος. οἴμοι τάλας τῶν ἐτῶν τῶν ἐμῶν 210 οὐκ ἂν ἐπ' ἐμῆς γε νεότητος, ὅτ' ἐγὰ φέρων ἀνθράκων φορτίον ἤκολούθουν Φαΰλλω τρέχων, ὧδε φαύλως ἂν ὁ

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σπονδοφόρος ούτος ύπ' έμου τότε διωκόμενος

AMPHITHEOS.

But here's a truce of thirty years entire Warranted sound.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

O Bacchus and the Bacchanals!

This is your sort! here's nectar and ambrosia! Here's nothing about providing three days' rations, It says, "Do what you please, Go where you will." I choose it, and adopt it, and embrace it, For sacrifice and for my private drinking. In spite of all the Acharnians, I'm determin'd To remove out of the reach of wars and mischief, And keep the feast of Bacchus in my house.

AMPHITHEOS.

And I'll run off to escape from those Acharnians.

Exit Amphitheos

Enter chorus in search of Dikaiopolis.

CHORUS.

In each nook and by each crook come follow up this jackanapes;

Ask about, and search him out, for

our's the shame if he escapes.

If you can, show me the man, do;

for I cannot understand

Where he went so impudently

bringing truces through the land.

We're astray; he's stole away; ah!

this it is to carry age!

Never would it, never should it

so have happened, I engage,

In the time when in my prime, and

caring not about my pace,

With a sack upon my back, I

dared Phaÿllos to the race.





έξέφυγεν οὐδ' αν έλαφρως αν απεπλίξατο. νῦν δ' ἐπειδή στερρον ήδη τουμον ἀντικνήμιον καὶ παλαιῷ Λακρατείδη τὸ σκέλος βαρύνεται, 220 οίχεται. διωκτέος δέ · μη γαρ έγχάνοι ποτέ μηδέ περ γέροντας όντας έκφυγων 'Αχαρνέας. όστις, ὧ Ζεῦ πάτερ καὶ θεοί, τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖσιν έσπείσατο. 225 οίσι παρ' έμου πόλεμος έχθοδοπός αὔξεται τῶν έμῶν χωρίων · κούκ ἀνήσω πρὶν ἂν σχοῖνος αὐτοῖσιν ἀντεμπαγώ 230 όξύς, όδυνηρός, * * * * ἐπίκωπος, ἵνα μήποτε πατώσιν έτι τὰς ἐμὰς ἀμπέλους. άλλὰ δεῖ ζητεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ βλέπειν Βαλλήναδε καὶ διώκειν γην πρὸ γης, ἔως ἂν εύρεθη ποτέ. 235 ώς έγω βάλλων έκείνον οὐκ αν έμπλήμην λίθοις.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

σίγα πᾶς. ἠκούσατ', ἄνδρες, ᾶρα τῆς εὐφημίας; οὖτος αὐτός ἐστιν ὃν ζητοῦμεν. ἀλλὰ δεῦρο πᾶς ἐκποδών · θύσων γὰρ ἀνὴρ, ὡς ἔοικ', ἐξέρχεται.

240

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε. πρόϊθ' ἐς τὸ πρόσθεν ὀλίγον ἡ κανηφόρος · * * * * * * * ! κατάθου τὸ κανοῦν, ὧ θύγατερ, ἵν' ἀπαρξώμεθα.





Now my thigh is shrunk and dry, and I am stiff about the knees; So the fellow thinks to tell how he can beat Lakrateides.

Vain the brag; we will not flag, or lose the credit of our town; Though we're old, I will be bold that we will hunt the rascal down. Zeus's nods, and all the Gods! he's made a treaty with the foes Whom I feel a growing zeal to hammer with redoubled blows. Let them go, eh? will I? no, a rush will pierce them to the heart; Going right in, sharp and biting, they shall wriggle with the smart. Such a lesson I'll impress on those who come with such designs To do harm upon my farm and cut and trample down the vines. On his track; and never slack until this rogue we've safely got. Haply he may barely be a stone's-throw from this very spot. As to throwing, there's no knowing when I shall have had my fill.

Enter Dikaiopolis, in procession with his wife and daughter, and their female attendants and male slaves, in order to perform the simple sacrifice to Bacchus.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Keep ye silence, keep ye silence.

CHORUS.

Hush! ye heard the mystic word repressing every sound of ill. He was speaking, whom we're seeking;

and it seems some holy rite

Is enacting; so retracting let us not come into sight.

The chorus retire.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Keep ye silence, keep ye silence. A little onward basket bearer.

Now put down the basket, girl, and so let us begin it.



X G G G G X

OYFATHP.



MHTEP, ἀνάδος δεῦρο τὴν ἐτνήρυσιν, ἵν᾽ ἔτνος καταχέω τοὐλατῆρος τουτουί.

245

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καὶ μὴν καλόν γ' ἔστ' · ὧ Διόνυσε δέσποτα, κεχαρισμένως σοι τήνδε τὴν πομπὴν ἐμὲ πέμψαντα καὶ θύσαντα μετὰ τῶν οἰκετῶν ἀγαγεῖν τυχηρῶς τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς Διονύσια, στρατιᾶς ἀπαλλαχθέντα · τὰς σπονδὰς δέ μοι καλῶς ξυνενεγκεῖν τὰς τριακοντούτιδας. ἄγ', ὧ θύγατερ, ὅπως τὸ κανοῦν καλὴ καλῶς οἴσεις, βλέπουσα θυμβροφάγον. ὡς μακάριος ὅστις σ' ὀπύσει. * * * *

250

πρόβαινε, κάν τὤχλφ φυλάττεσθαι σφόδρα μή τις λαθών σου περιτράγη τὰ χρυσία. 255

έγω δ' ἀκολουθων ἄσομαι το φαλλικόν·

260

* * * * $\pi \rho \delta \beta a$.

Φαλής, έταιρε Βακχίου, ξύγκωμε, νυκτοπεριπλάνητε, μοιχέ, παιδεραστά, έκτω σ' έτει προσείπον ές τὸν δήμον έλθων ἄσμενος, σπονδὰς ποιησάμενος έμαυτῶ, πραγμάτων τε καὶ μαχῶν

265



一年一年一年一年一年一年一年

DAUGHTER.

Then mother, let me have the ladle here to take Some porridge from the pot to put upon the cake.

DIKATOPOLIS.

Lord Bacchus! it is well that now from service free, I with my family should celebrate to thee
The service in the fields. Oh, prosper to our use
For me, and all of mine, these thirty years of truce!
Fair daughter, fairly bear the basket, and be sure
That those who see may say, "She's steady and demure,"
And when you get among the crowd, pray have a care
That nobody shall filch the ornaments you wear.

* * * * * * *

Now I will sing the hymn;

Proceed.

The Dionysiac Hymn.

Phales, lover of delight,
Phales, roamer of the night,
Haunting Bacchus as his friend,
At these weary six years' end,
Gladly do I chant to thee.
Gladly I my borough greet;
I have had the hap to treat;
Wars no more shall trouble us,





καὶ Λαμάχων ἀπαλλαγείς.
πολλῷ γάρ ἐσθ' ἥδιον, ὡ Φαλῆς Φαλῆς,
κλέπτουσαν εὑρόνθ' ὡρικὴν ὑληφόρον,
τὴν Στρυμοδώρου Θρậτταν ἐκ τοῦ Φελλέω
μέσην λαβόντ', ἄραντα, καταβαλόντα καταγιγαρτίσαι.
275
Φαλῆς Φαλῆς,
ἐὰν μεθ' ἡμῶν ξυμπίης, ἐκ κραιπάλης
ἔωθεν εἰρήνης ῥοφήσεις τρύβλιον ·
ἡ δ' ἀσπὶς ἐν τῷ φεψάλῳ κρεμήσεται.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

οὖτος αὐτός ἐστιν, οὖτος. βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε, παῖε πᾶς τὸν μιαρόν. οὐ βαλεῖς, οὐ βαλεῖς;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

'Ηράκλεις, τουτὶ τί ἐστι; τὴν χύτραν συντρίψετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

σὲ μὲν οὖν καταλεύσομεν, ὦ μιαρὰ κεφαλή.

285

280

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άντὶ ποίας αἰτίας, ὧχαρνέων γεραίτατοι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

τοῦτ' ἐρωτậς; ἀναίσχυντος εἶ καὶ βδελυρός, ἄ προδότα τῆς πατρίδος, ὅστις ἡμῶν μόνος σπεισάμενος εἶτα δύνασαι πρὸς ἔμ' ἀποβλέπειν.

290

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άντι δ' ών έσπεισάμην ἀκούσατ', άλλ' ἀκούσατε.





Politics, nor Lamachos.

All is past and I am free.

Drink with us, and in the morning

Draughts of Peace shall cool your tongue;

Then my buckler, service scorning,

In the chimney shall be hung.

CHORUS.

'Tis the very rogue at last!

At him; hit him; knock him down;

All together, straight and fast,

(Rush forward to pelt Dikaiopolis with stones.)

Volley him from shin to crown.

[Exeunt all but Dikaiopolis.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Hercules! but what is this?

You will crack the holy jar.

CHORUS.

You at least we shall not miss,

dirty rascal as you are.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Wherefore! tell me what's the matter,

Ancients of Acharnai borough?

CHORUS.

Shameless fellow, dare you chatter?

scoundrel utter, rank and thorough,

When you've made a truce, you traitor,

and your guilt is very plain,

Can you dare to stand and prate, or

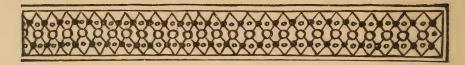
look me in the face again?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Hear me: for you do not know

why I made that truce alone, sir.





ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

σοῦ γ' ἀκούσωμεν ; ἀπολεῖ· κατά σε χώσομεν τοῖς λίθοις.

295

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μηδαμῶς, πρὶν ἄν γ' ἀκούσητ' · ἀλλ' ἀνάσχεσθ', ὧγαθοί.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

οὐκ ἀνασχήσομαι· μηδὲ λέγε μοι σὰ λόγον· ώς μεμίσηκά σε Κλέωνος ἔτι μᾶλλον, ὃν 300 κατατεμῶ τοῖσιν ἱππεῦσι καττύματα. σοῦ δ' ἐγὼ λόγους λέγοντος οὐκ ἀκούσομαι μακρούς, ὅστις ἐσπείσω Λάκωσιν, ἀλλὰ τιμωρήσομαι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΊΣ.

ωναθοί, τοὺς μὲν Λάκωνας ἐκποδων ἐάσατε, των δ' ἐμων σπονδων ἀκούσατ', εἰ καλως ἐσπεισάμην.

305

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

πῶς δέ γ' ἂν καλῶς λέγοις ἄν, εἴπερ ἐσπείσω γ' ἄπαξ οἶσιν οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτε πίστις οὔθ' ὅρκος μένει;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οἶδ' ἐγὼ καὶ τοὺς Λάκωνας, οῖς ἄγαν ἐγκείμεθα, οὐχ ἀπάντων ὄντας ἡμῖν αἰτίους τῶν πραγμάτων.

310

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

οὐχ ἁπάντων, ὧ πανοῦργε; ταῦτα δὴ τολμậς λέγειν ἐμφανῶς ἤδη πρὸς ἡμᾶς; εἶτ' ἐγώ σου φείσομαι;





CHORUS.

Hear you? Hang you! never! Go, we will bury you with stones, sir. DIKAIOPOLIS.

Wait until you understand, worthy fellows, I beseech.

No, I will not hold my hand;
do not think to make a speech,

For I hate you altogether

more than I do Kleon, whose

Hide I mean to turn to leather which shall find the Knights in shoes.

Do not think to make excuses; it were only waste of breath.

With the Spartans you have truces,

therefore you shall die the death.

Put the Spartans out of question; take it in its proper light; Only hear a slight suggestion; you will say that I was right.

CHORUS.

You were right indeed! when you ventured upon entertaining

Commerce with a people who have no faith nor truth remaining.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Spartans—yes, no doubt—are doubleminded fellows; all the same,

Though we hate them, for our trouble they are not alone to blame.

CHORUS.

Not alone to blame? and dare you say so much before my face
And suppose that I will spare you,

speaking out your own disgrace?





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐχ ἀπάντων οὐχ ἀπάντων · ἀλλ' ἐγὼ λέγων ὁδὶ πόλλ' ἂν ἀποφήναιμ' ἐκείνους ἔσθ' ἃ κάδικουμένους.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

τοῦτο τοὔπος δεινὸν ἤδη καὶ ταραξικάρδιον, εἰ σὺ τολμήσεις ὑπὲρ τῶν πολεμίων ἡμῖν λέγειν.

315

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κάν γε μη λέξω δίκαια, μηδε τῷ πλήθει δοκῶ, ὑπερ ἐπιξήνου θελήσω την κεφαλην ἔχων λέγειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

εἰπέ μοι, τί φειδόμεσθα τῶν λίθων, ὧ δημόται, μὴ οὐ καταξαίνειν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον ἐς φοινικίδα;

320

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οίος αὖ μέλας τις ὑμῖν θυμάλωψ ἐπέζεσεν. οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ' οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ' ἐτεόν, ὧχαρνηίδαι;

XOPO∑ AXAPNEΩN.

οὐκ ἀκουσόμεσθα δῆτα.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

δεινά τἄρα πείσομαι.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

έξολοίμην, ην ακούσω.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μηδαμώς, ὧχαρνικοί

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

ώς τεθνήξων ἴσθι νυνί.



X DED X DED X

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Not to blame for all I say.

I could show from the beginning

Certain matters in which they

were more sinned against than sinning.

CHORUS.

This is truly past endurance!

and our temper overflows

When we see such cool assurance;

you are pleading for our foes.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I will plead my cause and get

verdict in my favor on it;

Let a chopping-block be set;

I will stake my head upon it.

CHORUS.

Fellow burghers, tell me why

we should longer spare the varlet?

We have stones; so let them fly;

dress the fellow up in scarlet.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What a sudden flame and smother

from a black and sleeping brand!

Wont you listen to a brother,

worthy sons of charcoal-land?

CHORUS.

Cease so vain a hope to cherish.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

You will greatly injure us.

CHORUS.

If I listen may I perish.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Neighbors, do not answer thus.

CHORUS.

Know that you are going to die?





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

δήξομ' ἄρ' ὑμᾶς ἐγώ. ἀνταποκτενῶ γὰρ ὑμῖν τῶν φίλων τοὺς φιλτάτους · ὡς ἔχω γ' ὑμῶν ὁμήρους, οὺς ἀποσφάξω λαβών.

325

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

εἰπέ μοι, τί τοῦτ' ἀπειλεῖ τοὕπος, ἄνδρες δημόται, τοῖς 'Αχαρνικοῖσιν ἡμῖν ; μῶν ἔχει του παιδίον τῶν παρόντων ἔνδον εἵρξας ; ἢ 'πὶ τῷ θρασύνεται ;

330

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

βάλλετ', εἰ βούλεσθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ τουτονὶ διαφθερῶ. εἴσομαι δ' ὑμῶν τάχ' ὅστις ἀνθράκων τι κήδεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ώς ἀπωλόμεσθ'. ὁ λάρκος δημότης ὅδ' ἔστ' ἐμός. ἀλλὰ μὴ δράσης ὁ μέλλεις · μηδαμῶς, ὡ μηδαμῶς.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ώς ἀποκτενώ · κέκραχθ' · έγω γαρ οὐκ ἀκούσομαι.

335

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ἀπολεῖς ἄρ' ὁμήλικα τόνδε φιλανθρακέα;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐδ' ἐμοῦ λέγοντος ὑμεῖς ἀρτίως ἠκούσατε.

XOPO∑ AXAPNEΩN.

άλλὰ νυνὶ λέγ', εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, τὸ Λακεδαιμόνιον αὐθ' ὅτῷ τῷ τρόπῷ σοὐστὶ φίλον • ὡς τόδε τὸ λαρκίδιον οὐ προδώσω ποτέ.

340

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τούς λίθους νῦν μοι χαμᾶζε πρώτον έξεράσατε.





DIKAIOPOLIS.

Then will I strike through and through you.

I will slaughter in reply

those whom you hold dearest to you-

Whom I have as hostages.

[Exit Dikaiopolis.

CHORUS.

What's the meaning of the man's

Threatening? I cannot guess;

Can you say, Acharnians?

Has he any son or daughter

of this company in hold

Whom he says that he will slaughter?

What can make the man so bold?

Dikaiopolis re-enters with a charcoal basket, which he threatens to stab.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Now then, if you like it, throw—I will riddle this with holes Till it's dead; and I shall know who has any care for coals!

CHORUS.

'Tis our brother burgess! yes! we are ruined! hear us ask it, Wring us not with this distress; do not—do not hurt the basket.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

It must go; I care not whether you may wring your hands and cry.

We have lived and loved together, Charcoal; no, it must not die.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

When I begged a word but now, you stiffly, utterly declined.

CHORUS.

Aye, but now we will allow you; say just what you have a mind. If indeed you are intent on your Spartan friendship, say it.

As for that sweet innocent; no, I never will betray it.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Throw away the stones.





XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

ούτοιί σοι χαμαί, καὶ σὺ κατήθου πάλιν τὸ ξίφος.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ' ὅπως μὴ 'ν τοῖς τρίβωσιν ἐγκάθηνταί που λίθοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

έκσέσεισται χαμάζ'. οὐχ ὁρᾶς σειόμενον; ἀλλὰ μή μοι πρόφασιν, ἀλλὰ κατάθου τὸ βέλος. ὡς ὅδε γε σειστὸς ἄμα τῆ στροφῆ γίγνεται.

345

350

355

360

365

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἐμέλλετ' ἄρ' ἄπαντες ἀνασείειν βοήν,
ὀλίγου τ' ἀπέθανον ἄνθρακες Παρνήσιοι,
καὶ ταῦτα διὰ τὴν ἀτοπίαν τῶν δημοτῶν.
ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους δὲ τῆς μαρίλης μοι συχνὴν
ὁ λάρκος ἐνετίλησεν ὥσπερ σηπία.
δεινὸν γὰρ οὕτως ὀμφακίαν πεφυκέναι
τὸν θυμὸν ἀνδρῶν ὥστε βάλλειν καὶ βοᾶν
ἐθέλειν τ' ἀκοῦσαι μηδὲν ἴσον ἴσφ φέρον,
ἐμοῦ θέλοντος ὑπὲρ ἐπιξήνου λέγειν
ὑπὲρ Λακεδαιμονίων ἄπανθ' ὅσ' ὰν λέγω
καίτοι φιλῶ γε τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἐγώ.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

τί οὖν οὖ λέγεις ἐπίξηνον ἐξενεγκῶν θύραζ' ὅ τι ποτ', ὧ σχέτλιε, τὸ μέγα τοῦτ' ἔχεις; πάνυ γὰρ ἔμεγε πόθος ὅ τι φρονεῖς ἔχει. ἀλλ' ἦπερ αὐτὸς τὴν δίκην διωρίσω, θεὶς δεῦρο τοὖπίξηνον ἐγχείρει λέγειν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ίδου θέασαι, το μεν επίξηνον τοδί,





CHORUS.

'Tis done;

Put you too the sword away.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Are you sure that you have none?

CHORUS.

Let me shake my apron: nay,

do not cheat me with a smile;

Fairly put aside the steel

for I shook my mantle while

I was turning on my heel.

[Lays aside the basket and sword.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

So, you at last could cease your clamor! what a fate Hung over Charcoal when you were so obstinate! See, like a cuttle-fish retreating in its fear, The basket clouds me in a coal-dust atmosphere. 'Tis sad to see a man indulge a temper like Sour grapes, and always want to clamor and to strike Before he hears the other side. But I was willing To lay my head upon a chopping-block for killing, While showing how the Spartan trouble had begun; And yet I love my life as well as anyone.

CHORUS.

Why then, unpack your precious burden for display: For I should like to hear what you have got to say—Agreed that at your proper peril you must win, So let the chopping-block be brought and then begin.

DIKAIOPOLIS. (Brings out a chopping-block.)

So be it. Here's the block; and I that am to plead,





ό δ' ἀνὴρ ὁ λέξων ούτοσὶ τυννουτοσί. αμέλει μα τον Δί' οὐκ ἐνασπιδώσομαι, λέξω δ' ύπερ Λακεδαιμονίων α μοι δοκεί. καίτοι δέδοικα πολλά · τούς τε γὰρ τρόπους 370 τούς των άγροίκων οίδα χαίροντας σφόδρα έάν τις αὐτοὺς εὐλογῆ καὶ τὴν πόλιν άνηρ άλαζων καὶ δίκαια κάδικα. κάνταθθα λανθάνουσ' απεμπολώμενοι. των τ' αὐ γερόντων οἶδα τὰς ψυχὰς ὅτι 375 οὐδὲν βλέπουσιν ἄλλο πλην ψήφω δακείν, αὐτός τ' ἐμαυτὸν ὑπὸ Κλέωνος ἄπαθον έπίσταμαι διὰ τὴν πέρυσι κωμφδίαν. είσελκύσας γάρ μ' είς τὸ βουλευτήριον διέβαλλε καὶ ψευδή κατεγλώττιζέ μου 380 κάκυκλοβόρει κάπλυνεν, ώστ' ολίγου πάνυ άπωλόμην μολυνοπραγμονούμενος. νῦν οὖν με πρώτον πρὶν λέγειν ἐάσατε ένσκευάσασθαί μ' οἷον ἀθλιώτατον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

τί ταῦτα στρέφει τεχνάζεις τε καὶ πορίζεις τριβάς; 385 λαβὲ δ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἔνεκα παρ' Ἱερωνύμου σκοτοδασυπυκνότριχά τιν' ἸΑϊδος κυνῆν · 390 εἶτ' ἐξάνοιγε μηχανὰς τὰς Σισύφου, ὡς σκῆψιν ἁγὼν οὖτος οὐκ εἰσδέξεται.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ωρα 'στιν άρα μοι καρτεράν ψυχην λαβείν, καί μοι βαδιστέ' έστιν ως Εὐριπίδην. παι παι.



Am but a nobody. What matter? and indeed I throw my shield away. I'll speak just what I think About the Spartans; Yet I feel disposed to shrink. I know so well the men who come in from their farms; How easily a cunning lying coxcomb charms Their ears by telling them that they are "honest," "bold," "Shrew'd fellows," too. 'Tis so the dupes are sold. I know the humors of your ancients, too. They like Nothing so much as giving judgments that will strike. I know how much, myself, I suffered from the clutch Of Kleon, whom last year my Play was thought to touch. He dragged me in with slanders, lied me through the Court; He roared, he blustered, licked and rinsed me out; in short The wonder is that any of my being lingers After such busy mauling by his dirty fingers. And so, before beginning, let me change my dress, That I may move some pity for my squalidness.

CHORUS.

Why do you try these tricks? But get, for aught I care, Jerome's invisible pitch-darkness cap of hair, Get Sisyphos's shifts; but all in vain you try, It will not be allowed to put this trial by.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Now for a daring stroke; for I am ill at ease! So I will make a call upon Euripides. Ho, slave.

[Calls at the door of Euripides' house.



「キ「キ」キ「キ」キ「キ」キ「キ」キ「

ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ.

τίς οὖτος;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἔνδον ἔστ' Εὐριπίδης;

395

ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ.

οὐκ ἔνδον ἔνδον ἐστίν, εἰ γνώμην ἔχεις.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

πως ἔνδον, εἶτ' οὐκ ἔνδον;

ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ.

όρθῶς, ὧ γέρον.

ό νοῦς μὲν ἔξω ξυλλέγων ἐπύλλια οὐκ ἔνδον, αὐτὸς δ' ἔνδον ἀναβάδην ποιεῖ τραγωδίαν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ὧ τρισμακάρι' Εὐριπίδη, ὅθ' ὁ δοῦλος οὐτωσὶ σοφῶς ὑποκρίνεται. ἐκκάλεσον αὐτόν.

400

ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ.

άλλ' άδύνατον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἀλλ' ὅμως.

οὐ γὰρ ἃν ἀπέλθοιμ', ἀλλὰ κόψω τὴν θύραν. Εὐριπίδη, Εὐριπίδιον, ὑπάκουσον, εἴπερ πώποτ' ἀνθρώπων τινί· Δικαιόπολις καλεῖ σε Χολλείδης, ἐγώ.

405

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

"Αλλ' οὐ σχολή.





Enter Euripides' slave.

KEPHISOPHON.

Who's there?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Pray is Euripides within?

KEPHISOPHON.

Within and not within, if you can take that in.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Within and not within, how's that?

KEPHISOPHON.

'Tis true, old man, His wits are not within, but gathering where they can Word delicacies; but his body is upstairs Writing a tragedy.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Thrice blest in his affairs, Who has a slave can answer with such subtle wit.

But call him out.

KEPHISOPHON.

I cannot.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I insist upon it.

(Slave disappears, when the scene opens disclosing interior of Euripides' house.)

I will not go away. Nay, I'll beat down the door. "Euripides," my dearest "Rippy"—I implore, If ever prayer from man did favorably reach you. I, Dikaiopolis of Cholleidai, beseech you.

EURIPIDES.

I have no leisure.



ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ' ἐκκυκλήθητ'.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

άλλ' άδύνατον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ' ὅμως.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

άλλ' ἐκκυκλήσομαι · καταβαίνειν δ' οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

Εὐριπίδη,

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

τί λέλακας;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἀναβάδην ποιείς, 410

έξὸν καταβάδην; οὐκ ἐτὸς χωλοὺς ποιεῖς. ἀτὰρ τί τὰ ῥάκι' ἐκ τραγωδίας ἔχεις, ἐσθῆτ' ἐλεεινήν; οὐκ ἐτὸς πτωχοὺς ποιεῖς. ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ πρὸς τῶν γονάτων σ', Εὐριπίδη, δός μοι ῥάκιόν τι τοῦ παλαιοῦ δράματος. δεῖ γάρ με λέξαι τῷ χορῷ ῥῆσιν μακράν αῦτη δὲ θάνατον, ἢν κακῶς λέξω, φέρει.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

τὰ ποῖα τρύχη; μῶν ἐν οἶς Οἰνεὺς όδὶ ὁ δύσποτμος γεραιὸς ἠγωνίζετο;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐκ Οἰνέως ἢν, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀθλιωτέρου.

420

415

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

τὰ τοῦ τυφλοῦ Φοίνικος;





DIKAIOPOLIS.

Pray you; let them wheel you out.

EURIPIDES.

Impossible.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Nay, nay.

EURIPIDES.

Then twirl the turnabout.

I am too busy to descend.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Euripides.

EURIPIDES.

What sayest thou?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Aloft you make your tragedies.

When on the earth below you might have done the same. No wonder that your characters are often lame;
But why have you collected all those ragged clothes?
As "pity properties" for beggars I suppose?
But, dear Euripides, give me to my relief
From some old tragedy, a proper rag for grief.
For I before the Chorus have to plead my tale,
And nothing short of death awaits me if I fail.

EURIPIDES

What sort of rags will suit you? those I have in store Which Oineus in his age and evil fortune wore?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Not those of Oineus; no. There were some to my mind more wretched still.

EURIPIDES.

What, those of Phoinix that was blind?





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐ Φοίνικος, οὔ, ἀλλ' ἔτερος ἡν Φοίνικος ἀθλιώτερος.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

ποίας ποθ' ἀνὴρ λακίδας αἰτεῖται πέπλων; ἀλλ' ἢ Φιλοκτήτου τὰ τοῦ πτωχοῦ λέγεις;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὔκ, ἀλλὰ τούτου πολύ πολύ πτωχίστέρου.

425

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

άλλ' ἢ τὰ δυσπινῆ θέλεις πεπλώματα ἃ Βελλεροφόντης εἶχ' ὁ χωλὸς οὐτοσί;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐ Βελλεροφόντης · ἀλλὰ κἀκεῖνος μὲν ἦν χωλός, προσαιτῶν, στωμύλος, δεινὸς λέγειν.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

οίδ' ἄνδρα, Μυσον Τήλεφον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΊΣ.

ναὶ Τήλεφον· 430 τούτου δὸς ἀντιβολῶ σέ μοι τὰ σπάργανα.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

ῶ παῖ, δὸς αὐτῷ Τηλέφου ῥακώματα. κεῖται δ' ἄνωθεν τῶν Θυεστείων ῥακῶν, μεταξὺ τῶν Ἰνοῦς. ἰδοὺ ταυτὶ λαβέ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

& Ζεῦ διόπτα καὶ κατόπτα πανταχῆ,

435



DIKAIOPOLIS.

Not Phoinix; no. A much more wretched man than he.

EURIPIDES.

What does the man require? What tatters can they be? Eh! was it Philoktetes as a beggar seen?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

More beggarly by far the things were that I mean.

EURIPIDES.

You mean perhaps the garment which the man had on Who acted in the part of lame Bellerophon?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

No, not Bellerophon. Though he indeed was lame, And begged and mouthed and chattered without stint or shame.

EURIPIDES.

I know the man, the Mysian Telephos?

DIKATOPOLIS

Ah, yes,

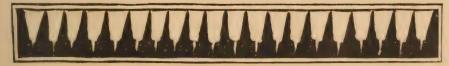
Give me the things that stood for Telephos's dress.

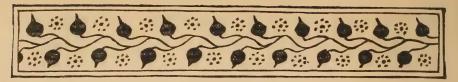
EURIPIDES.

Slave, let him have the shreds; they lie between the bags Of Ino and Thyestes. Here, man, take the rags.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Oh, Jupiter, whose eye can look through everywhere,





ἐνσκευάσασθαί μ' οἷον ἀθλιώτατον. Εὐριπίδη, 'πειδήπερ ἐχαρίσω ταδί, κἀκεῖνά μοι δὸς τἀκόλουθα τῶν ῥακῶν, τὸ πιλίδιον περὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὸ Μύσιον. δεῖ γάρ με δόξαι πτωχὸν εἶναι τήμερον, εἶναι μὲν ὥσπερ εἰμί, φαίνεσθαι δὲ μή · τοὺς μὲν θεατὰς εἶδέναι μ' ὃς εἴμ' ἐγώ, τοὺς δ' αὖ χορευτὰς ἤλιθίους παρεστάναι, ὅπως ἂν αὐτοὺς ῥηματίοις σκιμαλίσω.

440

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

δώσω · πυκυή γὰρ λεπτὰ μηχανά φρενί.

445

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

εὐδαιμονοίης, Τηλέφω δ' άγω φρονώ. εὖ γ' οἶον ἤδη ἡηματίων ἐμπίμπλαμαι. ἀτὰρ δέομαί γε πτωχικοῦ βακτηρίου.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

τουτὶ λαβών ἄπελθε λαίνων σταθμών.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ω θύμ', όρậς γὰρ ως ἀπωθοῦμαι δόμων, πολλων δεόμενος σκευαρίων υῦν δη γενοῦ γλίσχρος προσαιτων λιπαρων τ'. Εὐριπίδη, δός μοι σπυρίδιον διακεκαυμένον λύχνω.

450

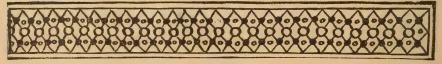
ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

τί δ' ὧ τάλας σε τοῦδ' ἔχει πλέκους χρέος;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

χρέος μεν οὐδέν, βούλομαι δ' ὅμως λαβεῖν.

455





Most pitiable be the raiment that I bear.

Euripides, since you have kindly spared me these,
Pray let me be complete; so give me, if you please,
The Mysian felt upon my head; "for I to-day
A very beggar's part must undertake to play;
To be just what I am, but other seem to be,"
So that the audience may perfectly know me,
While I shall circumvent with subtle-worded art
The muddled wits of those who play the chorus' part.

EURIPIDES.

Take it, you have a head nice matters to discuss.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

"God speed you and my heart's desire to Telephos."
Bravo! I feel the phrases coming on me thick.
But ah! to fit me out, I want a beggar's stick.

EURIPIDES.

Then take this one and quit the "stone compacted port."

DIKAIOPOLIS.

"Soul, seest thou how I am driven from the court"
Half furnished for my needs? Now should I urge my pleas;
Stick close and be exacting. So, Euripides,
Give me a basket which a candle has burnt through.

EURIPIDES.

How can the wicker be of any use to you?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

'Tis not of any use; but yet I choose to ask it.

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ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

λυπηρὸς ἴσθ' ὢν κάποχώρησον δόμων.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

 $\phi \epsilon \hat{v}$.

εὐδαιμονοίης, ὥσπερ ἡ μήτηρ ποτέ.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

ἄπελθε νῦν μοι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μάλλά μοι δὸς ἐν μόνον

κοτυλίσκιον τὸ χείλος ἀποκεκρουμένον.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

φθείρου λαβων τόδ' · ἴσθι δ' όχληρὸς ων δόμοις.

460

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὔπω μὰ Δί' οἶσθ' οἷ' αὐτὸς ἐργάζει κακά. ἀλλ', ὧ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδη, τουτὶ μόνον, δός μοι χυτρίδιον σπογγίω βεβυσμένον.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

ἄνθρωπ', ἀφαιρήσει με τὴν τραγφδίαν. ἄπελθε ταυτηνὶ λαβών.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἀπέρχομαι.

465

καίτοι τί δράσω; δεῖ γὰρ ένός, οὖ μὴ τυχὼν ἀπόλωλ'. ἄκουσον, ὡ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδη· τουτὶ λαβὼν ἄπειμι κοὐ πρόσειμ' ἔτι· εἰς τὸ σπυρίδιον ἰσχνά μοι φυλλεῖα δός.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

ἀπολεῖς μ'. ἰδού σοι. φροῦδά μοι τὰ δράματα.

470



EURIPIDES.

Go, you are troublesome: content you with the basket.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Bless you, as your good mother blessed was before.

EURIPIDES.

Do go away.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I only ask a trifle more,
A little pitcher—broken at the lip were best.

EURIPIDES.

Then take it and be hanged, and know yourself a pest.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

And you, you do not know the wrong that you are doing. But once again, my sweetest, listen to my suing; It is a sponge I want, and little basin.

EURIPIDES.

Scamp,

He will have all my drama. Take it and decamp.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Aye, aye, sir, I am going; but what? there is but one, But one thing more, and failing that I am undone. Dear, dear Euripides, supply the little lack, And I will go away; I will, and not come back: Some greens to put into my basket, just a few in.

EURIPIDES.

Take them: my tragedy is gone. You'll be my ruin.





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλ' ἄπειμι. καὶ γάρ εἰμ' ἄγαν οχλης ός, οὐ δοκῶν με κοιράνους στυγεῖν. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ἐπελαθόμην ἐν ῷπέρ ἐστι πάντα μοι τὰ πράγματα. Εὐριπίδιον ὡ γλυκύτατον καὶ φίλτατον, κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἴ τί σ' αἰτήσαιμ' ἔτι, πλὴν εν μόνον, τουτὶ μόνον τουτὶ μόνον, σκάνδικά μοι δός, μητρόθεν δεδεγμένος.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.

άνηρ ύβρίζει · κλείε πηκτά δωμάτων.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἄ θύμ', ἄνευ σκάνδικος ἐμπορευτέα.

ἄρ' οἶσθ' ὅσον τὸν ἀγῶν' ἀγωνιεῖ τάχα,
μέλλων ὑπὲρ Λακεδαιμονίων ἀνδρῶν λέγειν;
πρόβαινε νῦν, ὧ θυμέ · γραμμὴ δ' αὐτηί.
ἔστηκας; οὐκ εἶ καταπιὼν Εὐριπίδην;
ἐπήνεσ' · ἄγε νυν, ὧ τάλαινα καρδία,
ἄπελθ' ἐκεῖσε, κἆτα τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐκεῖ
παράσχες, εἰποῦσ' ἄττ' ἄν αὐτῆ σοὶ δοκῆ.
τόλμησον, ἴθι, χώρησον · ἄγαμαι καρδίας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

τί δράσεις; τί φήσεις; ἀλλ' ἴσθι νυν ἀναίσχυντος ὢν σιδηροῦς δ' ἀνήρ, ὅστις παρασχών τῷ πόλει τὸν αὐχένα ἄπασι μέλλεις εἶς λέγειν τἀναντία. ἀνὴρ οὐ τρέμει τὸ πρᾶγμ'. εἶά νυν, ἐπειδήπερ αὐτὸς αἰρεῖ, λέγε.

495

490

475





DIKAIOPOLIS.

No more: I'm going—"I am too importunate;
Too heedless of the ire of men in high estate."
But ah! my evil stars! I had forgotten quite
One thing the lack of which will ruin me outright.
This one, one only thing; just this one if you please,
My very, very darling, my Euripides,
A pestilence upon me if I ask another,
Give me some chervil—you can get it from your mother.

EURIPIDES.

The man insults me: bolt the doors.

[The scene closes on Euripides and slave.

DIKATOPOLIS.

My heart,

Alas! without the chervil we must then depart:
Know you the work we have to do? and what a theme on?
No less than pleading for the men of Lakedaimon.
Now forward, oh my soul! This is the barrier.
Eh? dost thou hesitate? art thou afraid to stir,
Having imbibed Euripides? I cannot blame
Your little confidence in him. But come, for shame,
Pluck up your spirit: proffer there your head;
And what you deem is right, let it be boldly said.
Now forward for the cause and bravely do your part.
Here's your returning confidence. Well done, my heart!

CHORUS.

Speak, or are ye dumb, thou rogue in grain, Iron brain! Heart of stone!

Villain, are ye come, venturing your head alone, Singly to support a treason of your own?

He's resolved, confident,

Firm in his intent, ready to the day.

Well, my man! since that's your plan,

Speak away!





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

500

505

510

515

520

μή μοι φθονήσητ, άνδρες οἱ θεώμενοι, εί πτωχὸς ὢν ἔπειτ' ἐν 'Αθηναίοις λέγειν μέλλω περί της πόλεως, τρυγωδίαν ποιών. τὸ γὰρ δίκαιον οἶδε καὶ τρυγωδία. έγω δε λέξω δεινά μέν, δίκαια δέ. οὐ γάρ με νῦν γε διαβαλεῖ Κλέων ὅτι ξένων παρόντων την πόλιν κακῶς λέγω. αὐτοὶ γάρ ἐσμεν ούπὶ Ληναίω τ' ἀγών, κούπω ξένοι πάρεισιν· ούτε γὰρ φόροι ήκουσιν οὐτ' ἐκ τῶν πόλεων οἱ ξύμμαχοι · άλλ' έσμεν αὐτοὶ νῦν γε περιεπτισμένοι · τούς γὰρ μετοίκους ἄχυρα τῶν ἀστῶν λέγω. έγω δὲ μισῶ μὲν Λακεδαιμονίους σφόδρα, καὐτοὶς ὁ Ποσειδῶν, ούπὶ Ταινάρω θεός, σείσας ἄπασιν ἐμβάλοι τὰς οἰκίας · κάμοὶ γάρ ἐστιν ἀμπέλια κεκομμένα. ἀτάρ, φίλοι γὰρ οἱ παρόντες ἐν λόγω, τί ταῦτα τοὺς Λάκωνας αἰτιώμεθα; ήμῶν γὰρ ἄνδρες, οὐχὶ τὴν πόλιν λέγω, μέμνησθε τοῦθ', ὅτι οὐχὶ τὴν πόλιν λέγω, άλλ' ἀνδράρια μοχθηρά, παρακεκομμένα, ἄτιμα καὶ παράσημα καὶ παράξενα, έσυκοφάντει Μεγαρέων τὰ χλανίσκια· κεί που σίκυον ίδοιεν ή λαγώδιον ή χοιρίδιον ή σκόροδον ή χόνδρους άλας, ταῦτ' ἦν Μεγαρικὰ κἀπέπρατ' αὐθημερόν.

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DIKAIOPOLIS.

In not surprised, most excellent spectators,
If I that am a beggar, have presumed
To claim an audience upon public matters.
Even in a comedy; for comedy
Is conversant in all the rules of justice,
And can distinguish betwixt right and wrong.
The words I speak are bold, but just and true.
Kleon, at least, cannot accuse me now,
That I defame the city before strangers.
For this is the Lenaian festival;
And here we meet, all by ourselves alone;
No deputies are arrived as yet with tribute,
No strangers or allies; but here we sit
A chosen sample, clean as sifted corn,

With our own denizens as a kind of chaff. First, I detest the Spartans most extremely; And wish that Neptune, the Tainarian deity, Would bury them in their houses with his earthquakes. For I've had losses—losses, let me tell ye, Like other people; vines cut down and injured. But among friends (for only friends are here), Why should we blame the Spartans for all this? For people of ours, some people of our own, Some people from amongst us here, I mean; But not the people (pray remember that), I never said the people—but a pack Of paltry people, mere pretended citizens, Base counterfeits, went levying informations, And making a confiscation of the gherkins Imported here from Megara; pigs moreover, Pumpkins, and pecks of salt, and ropes of onions, Were voted to be merchandise from Megara, Denounced, and seized, and sold upon the spot. Well, these might pass, as petty local matters.





κἀντεῦθεν ἤδη πάταγος ἦν τῶν ἀσπίδων.
ἐρεῖ τις, οὐ χρῆν · ἀλλὰ τί ἐχρῆν εἴπατε.
φέρ', εἰ Λακεδαιμονίων τις ἐκπλεύσας σκάφει
ἀπέδοτο φήνας κυνίδιον Σεριφίων,
καθῆσθ' ἄν ἐν δόμοισιν; ἢ πολλοῦ γε δεῖ ·
καὶ κάρτα μέντὰν εὐθέως καθείλκετε
τριακοσίας ναῦς, ἢν δ' ἄν ἡ πόλις πλέα
θορύβου στρατιωτῶν, περὶ τριηράρχου βοῆς,
μισθοῦ διδομένου, Παλλαδίων χρυσουμένων,
στοᾶς στεναχούσης, σιτίων μετρουμένων,
ἀσκῶν, τροπωτήρων, κάδους ἀνουμένων,
σκορόδων, ἐλαῶν, κρομμύων ἐν δικτύοις,
στεφάνων, τριχίδων, αὐλητρίδων, ὑπωπίων,
τὸ νεώριον δ' αὖ κωπέων πλατουμένων,
τύλων ψοφούντων, θαλαμιῶν τροπουμένων,



Then Perikles, like an Olympian Jove,
With all his thunder and his thunderbolts,
Began to storm and lighten dreadfully,
Alarming all the neighborhood of Greece;
And made decrees, drawn up like drinking songs,
In which it was enacted and concluded
That the Megarians should remain excluded
From every place where commerce was transacted,
With all their wares—like "old care" in the ballad—
And this decree, by land and sea, was valid.

and so they went to war. You'll say, "They should not." Why, what should they have done? Just make it your own case; suppose the Spartans Had mann'd a boat, and landed on your islands, And stolen a puppy dog from Seriphos; Would you then have remained at home inglorious? Not so, by no means; at the first report, You would have launch'd at once three hundred galleys, And fill'd the city with the noise of troops; And crews of ships, crowding and clamoring About the muster-masters and pay-masters; With measuring corn out at the magazine, And all the porch choked with the multitude; With figures of Minerva, newly furbish'd, Painted and gilt, parading in the streets; With wineskins, kegs and firkins, leeks and onions; With garlic cramm'd in pouches, nets and pokes; With garlands, singing girls and bloody noses.

Our arsenal would have sounded and resounded With bangs and thwacks of driving bolts and nails; With shaping oars, and holes to put the oar in; With hacking, hammering, clattering and boring;

αὐλῶν κελευστῶν, νιγλάρων, συριγμάτων. ταῦτ' οἶδ' ὅτι ἂν ἔδρατε · τὸν δὲ Τήλεφον οὐκ οἰόμεσθα; νοῦς ἄρ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἔνι.

555

HMIXOPO∑.

ἄληθες, ὧπίτριπτε καὶ μιαρώτατε; ταυτὶ σὺ τολμậς πτωχὸς ὢν ἡμᾶς λέγειν, καὶ συκοφάντης εἴ τις ἦν, ὧνείδισας;

HMIXOPOZ.

νὴ τὸν Ποσειδώ, καὶ λέγει γ' ἄπερ λέγει δίκαια πάντα κοὐδὲν αὐτῶν ψεύδεται.

560

нміхорох.

εἶτ' εἰ δίκαια, τοῦτον εἰπεῖν αὔτ' ἐχρῆν; ἀλλ' οὔτι χαίρων ταῦτα τολμήσει λέγειν.

HMIXOPO∑.

οὖτος σὺ ποῖ θεῖς, οὐ μενεῖς; ὡς εἰ θενεῖς τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, αὐτὸς ἀρθήσει τάχα.

565

HMIXOPOZ.

ιὰ Λάμαχ', ὁ βλέπων ἀστραπάς, βοήθησον, ὁ γοργολόφα, φανείς, ιὰ Λάμαχ', ὁ φίλ', ὁ φυλέτα · εἴτ' ἔστι ταξίαρχος ἢ στρατηγὸς ἢ τειχομάχας ἀνήρ, βοηθησάτω τις ἀνύσας. ἐγὰ γὰρ ἔχομαι μέσος.

570





Words of command, whistles and pipes and fifes. "Such would have been your conduct. Will you say, That Telephos should have acted otherwise?"

SEMI-CHORUS I (rush forward, threatening Dikaiopolis).

Is this to me, you pauper? Dare you cast a slur On some (if such there be) informer's character?

SEMI-CHORUS II (advance, favoring Dikaiopolis).

By Neptune! but the man, for all that I have heard, Is right in what he says; there's truth in every word.

SEMI-CHORUS I.

What care I, right or not? Was it for him to say it? No, no, and with some broken bones the rogue shall pay it.

[Semi-chorus I rushes towards Dikaiopolis.

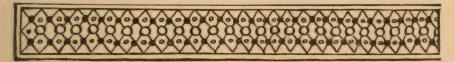
SEMI-CHORUS II.

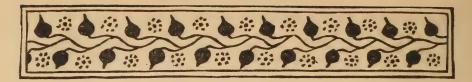
Where are you running? Stay: I warn you, have a care, Touch him and you shall find your legs are in the air.

The two semi-choruses scuffle.

SEMI-CHORUS I.

Ho! lightning-looker, Lamachos, Ho! Gorgon-crested, succor us; My friend, my tribesman, hear me call, Or captain else, or general, Or rampart-scaler, hither; haste! For he has got me round the waist.







ΟΘΕΝ βοῆς ἤκουσα πολεμιστηρίας; ποῖ χρὴ βοηθεῖν; ποῖ κυδοιμὸν ἐμβαλεῖν; τίς Γοργόν' ἐξήγειρεν ἐκ τοῦ σάγματος;

HMIXOPO∑.

ὧ Λάμαχ' ἥρως, τῶν λόφων καὶ τῶν λόχων.

HMIXOPOZ.

 $\delta \Lambda \dot{\alpha} \mu a \chi^{2}$, οὐ γὰρ οὖτος ἄνθρωπος πάλαι ἄπασαν ἡμῶν τὴν πόλιν κακορροθε $\hat{\iota}$;

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

οὖτος σὺ τολμᾶς πτωχὸς ὢν λέγειν τάδε;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

& Λάμαχ' ήρως, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε, εἰ πτωχὸς ὢν εἶπόν τι κἀστωμυλάμην.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τί δ' εἶπας ἡμᾶς; οὐκ ἐρεῖς;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐκ οἶδα.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

 $\pi\hat{\omega}s$.

580

575

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ύπὸ τοῦ δέους γὰρ τῶν ὅπλων ἰλιγγιῶ.
ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἀπένεγκέ μου τὴν μορμόνα.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ίδού.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

παράθες νυν ύπτίαν αὐτὴν έμοί.





Enter Lamachos from his house.

LAMACHOS.

What battle-cry is this I hear about the place?
Who calls for help? Who wakes the Gorgon from its case?

SEMI-CHORUS II (retreats in fright).

My hero Lamachos of crests and companies!

SEMI-CHORUS I.

Here is, my Lamachos, this man of many lies, Who troubles all the city with his foul aspersions.

LAMACHOS.

You, beggar! Have you dared to make some vile assertions?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

My hero, Lamachos, I beg you to forgive, If for a beggar, I have been too talkative.

LAMACHOS.

What did you say of us? Speak, sir.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Did I?

I quite forget;

LAMACHOS.

Eh? what sir?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

The aspect of your armor makes me giddy. I do beseech you, put the bugbear out of sight.

LAMACHOS.

I do.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Nay, upside down.





AAMAXOΣ.

κεῖται.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

φέρε νυν ἀπὸ τοῦ κράνους μοι τὸ πτερόν.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τουτί πτίλον σοι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

της κεφαλης νύν μου λαβοῦ,

585

590

ίν' έξεμέσω · βδελύττομαι γάρ τους λόφους.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

οὖτος, τί δράσεις ; τῷ πτίλφ μέλλεις ἐμεῖν ;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

πτίλου γάρ ἐστιυ ; εἰπέ μοι, τίνος ποτὲ ὄρνιθός ἐστιν ; ἆρα κομπολακύθου ;

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

οζμ' ώς τεθνήξεις.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μηδαμώς, & Λάμαχε

οὐ σὴν κατ' ἰσχύν ἐστιν· εἰ δ' ἰσχυρὸς εἶ, τί μ' οὐκ ἀπεψώλησας; εὔοπλος γὰρ εἶ.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ταυτί λέγεις σύ τὸν στρατηγὸν πτωχὸς ών;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έγω γάρ είμι πτωχός;

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

άλλὰ τίς γὰρ εἶ;



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LAMACHOS.

Well, there it is.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

That's right.

And now the feather from your helmet.

LAMACHOS.

What you will.

[Lamachos takes a feather from his helmet and gives it to Dikaiopolis.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Then, pray you, hold my head; for I feel very—ill; I'm sick—of crests.

LAMACHOS.

Eh? Sir, what do you think to do?

You will not try to use the feather, sir.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Aye, true;

A feather is it? Pray, of what bird? May I know? Perhaps 'tis from the tail of Braggadocio?

LAMACHOS.

Ha! villain, you shall die.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

No, no, my Lamachos,

It is not might but right which shall determine us.

LAMACHOS.

Beggar! this language to your General? to me?

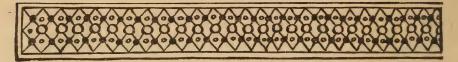
DIKAIOPOLIS.

Am I a beggar then?

LAMACHOS.

If not, who may you be?





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

όστις; πολίτης χρηστός, οὐ σπουδαρχίδης, άλλ' έξ ότου περ ὁ πόλεμος στρατωνίδης, σὺ δ' ἐξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος μισθαρχίδης.

595

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

έχειροτόνησαν γάρ με

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κόκκυγές γε τρείς. ταῦτ' οὖν ἐγὼ βδελυττόμενος ἐσπεισάμην, όρων πολιούς μέν ἄνδρας έν ταις τάξεσιν, 600 νεανίας δ' οίος σύ διαδεδρακότας τούς μεν έπὶ Θράκης μισθοφοροῦντας τρεῖς δραχμάς, Τισαμενοφαινίππους, Πανουργιππαρχίδας · έτέρους δὲ παρὰ Χάρητι, τοὺς δ' ἐν Χαόσι Γερητοθεοδώρους, Διομειαλαζόνας, 605 τούς δ' έν Καμαρίνη κάν Γέλα κάν Καταγέλα.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

έχειροτονήθησαν γάρ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

αἴτιον δὲ τί ύμᾶς μεν ἀεὶ μισθοφορεῖν άμηγέπη, τωνδὶ δὲ μηδέν'; ἐτεόν, ὧ Μαριλάδη, ήδη πεπρέσβευκας σύ πολιός ὢν ενη; 610 άνένευσε · καίτοι γ' έστὶ σώφρων κάργάτης. τί δαὶ Δράκυλλος κεὐφορίδης ἡ Πρινίδης; εἶδέν τις ὑμῶν τἀκβάταν' ἢ τοὺς Χαόνας; ού φασιν. ἀλλ' ὁ Κοισύρας καὶ Λάμαχος, οίς ὑπ' ἐράνου τε καὶ χρεῶν πρώην ποτέ, 615



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DIKAIOPOLIS.

An honest citizen, with no high place to boast; But, since the war began, a soldier at my post, While you have been as long receiver of high pay.

LAMACHOS.

They freely voted me.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Three cuckoos make your "they." To my disgust at things like this my Truce owes thanks. I saw grey-headed men still marching in the ranks; While striplings, such as you, misliking toil and dust, Found refuge in appointments of high pay and trust. Some drew three drachmas for a Thracian embassy, Ismenirphainippi, Roguehipparchidai. Chaonia had—and Kamarina had its share; Some Chares entertained; to Gela some repair; Some went to—Scorn.

LAMACHOS.

Freely elected all.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

But why?

How falls it out that you, and you alone, supply
The city's needs—Marilades, your hair is grey,
Have ever you been legate, or received the pay?
He shakes his head; yet he's a shrewd, hard-working man.
Drakyllus, have you ever been to Ekbatan?
Did Prinides, or did Euphorides e'er go
To the Chaonians? you see, they all say, no.
Aye, who are they that go but Koisyra's wild son,
And Lamachos? whose credit with their friends has run



免,使,使,使,使,

ὥσπερ ἀπόνιπτρον ἐκχέοντες ἑσπέρας, ἄπαντες ἐξίστω ταρήνουν οἱ φίλοι.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ἇ δημοκρατία, ταῦτα δῆτ' ἀνασχετά;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐ δῆτ', ἐὰν μὴ μισθοφορῆ γε Λάμαχος.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

άλλ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν πᾶσι Πελοποννησίοις ἀεὶ πολεμήσω, καὶ ταράξω πανταχῆ, καὶ ναυσὶ καὶ πεζοῖσι, κατὰ τὸ καρτερόν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έγω δὲ κηρύττω γε Πελοποννησίοις ἄπασι καὶ Μεγαρεῦσι καὶ Βοιωτίοις πωλεῖν ἀγοράζειν πρὸς ἐμέ, Λαμάχω δὲ μὴ.

625

620

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

άνὴρ νικῷ τοῖσι λόγοισιν, καὶ τὸν δῆμον μεταπείθει περὶ τῶν σπονδῶν. ἀλλ' ἀποδύντες τοῖς ἀναπαίστοις ἐπίωμεν. Ἐξ οὖ γε χοροῖσιν ἐφέστηκεν τρυγικοῖς ὁ διδάσκαλος ἡμῶν, οὔπω παρέβη πρὸς τὸ θέατρον λέξων ὡς δεξιός ἐστιν · διαβαλλόμενος δ' ὑπὸ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ἐν 'Αθηναίοις ταχυβούλοις, 630 ὡς κωμῷδεῖ τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν καὶ τὸν δῆμον καθυβρίζει, ἀποκρίνεσθαι δεῖται νυνὶ πρὸς 'Αθηναίους μεταβούλους. φησὶν δ' εἶναι πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν ἄξιος ὑμῖν ὁ ποιητής, παύσας ὑμᾶς ξενικοῖσι λόγοις μὴ λίαν ἐξαπατᾶσθαι, μήθ' ἤδεσθαι θωπευομένους μήτ' εἶναι χαυνοπολίτας. 635 πρότερον δ' ὑμᾶς ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων οἱ πρέσβεις ἐξαπατῶντες πρῶτον μὲν ἰοστεφάνους ἐκάλουν · κἀπειδὴ τοῦτό τις εἴποι, εὐθὺς διὰ τοὺς στεφάνους ἐπ' ἄκρων τῶν πυγιδίων ἐκάθησθε. εἰ δέ τις ὑμᾶς ὑποθωπεύσας λιπαρὰς καλέσειεν 'Αθήνας,





Beyond all bounds; that, with their presence here annoyed, Like folks who empt their slops at night, they say, avoid!

LAMACHOS.

Democracy!—and are such words to be endured?

Yes, if to Lamachos good office is secured.

LAMACHOS.

Know all that dwell in Pelops' land that I engage
With them and theirs a never-ceasing war to wage;
By sea and land, wherever boat can swim or man can fight,
While I pursue and harry them with all my might.

DIKATOPOLIS.

Know all that dwell in Pelops' land, and know the same,
Boiotians, and Megarians, that I proclaim
Free market to them all, to buy and sell with us;
From which free market I prohibit Lamachos.

(Chorus throw off their himatia and advance.)

CHORUS.

Public opinion goes with the man and thinks he has made a very good case In behalf of his truce—Therefore strip we: this is a fitting anapest place.

(The Parabasis, spoken by the leader of the chorus.)

Since this Author tutored the actors, he has never in his comedies

Offered himself upon the stage to tell the world how clever he is.

Since, however, he is traduced by some who think they owe him a grudge,
In your ears, Athenians, who are quicker to hear than steady to judge;

Now he appeals to your better judgment, confident you will acknowledge it true,
That he never insulted the people, or undertook to ridicule you.

Nay, but the city is his debtor; he it was who arrested the course

Of that fatal habit you had of yielding yourselves to flattery's force.

Heretofore when the state's commissioners came with an eye to bamboozle the town,
Did they ever fail to address you as the men "of the violet crown?"

Straight at the word you were up in your seats; but if the cunning fellow should add

"Glistening Athens" you would give him out of hand whatever you had.



εύρετο πᾶν ᾶν διὰ τὰς λιπαράς, ἀφύων τιμὴν περιάψας. 640 ταῦτα ποιήσας πολλών ἀγαθών αἴτιος ὑμῖν γεγένηται, καὶ τοὺς δήμους ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν δείξας, ὡς δημοκρατοῦνται. τοιγάρτοι νῦν ἐκ τῶν πόλεων τὸν φόρον ὑμῖν ἀπάγοντες ήξουσιν ίδειν, επιθυμούντες τον ποιητήν τον άριστον, όστις παρεκινδύνευσ' είπειν εν 'Αθηναίοις τὰ δίκαια. 645 οὕτω δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τῆς τόλμης ἤδη πόρρω κλέος ἥκει, ότε καὶ βασιλεύς, Λακεδαιμονίων τὴν πρεσβείαν βασανίζων, ήρώτησεν πρώτα μέν αὐτούς πότεροι ταῖς ναυσὶ κρατοῦσιν: εἶτα δὲ τοῦτον τὸν ποιητὴν ποτέρους εἴποι κακὰ πολλά: τούτους γαρ έφη τοὺς ἀνθρώπους πολὺ βελτίους γεγενήσθαι κάν τῷ πολέμω πολύ νικήσειν, τοῦτον ξύμβουλον ἔχοντας. διὰ ταῦθ' ὑμᾶς Λακεδαιμόνιοι τὴν εἰρήνην προκαλοῦνται, καὶ τὴν Αἴγιναν ἀπαιτοῦσιν καὶ τῆς νήσου μὲν ἐκείνης οὐ φροντίζουσ', ἀλλ' ἵνα τοῦτον τὸν ποιητὴν ἀφέλωνται. άλλ' ύμεις τοι μή ποτ' άφηθ' · ώς κωμφδήσει τὰ δίκαια · 655 φησίν δ' ύμᾶς πολλά διδάξειν ἀγάθ', ὥστ' εὐδαίμονας εἶναι, οὐ θωπεύων, οὐδ' ὑποτείνων μισθούς, οὐδ' ἐξαπατύλλων, οὐδὲ πανουργών, οὐδὲ κατάρδων, ἀλλὰ τὰ βέλτιστα διδάσκων. πρὸς ταῦτα Κλέων καὶ παλαμάσθω καὶ πᾶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τεκταινέσθω. 660 τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸ δίκαιον ξύμμαχον έσται, κού μή ποθ' άλω περί τὴν πόλιν ὢν ὥσπερ ἐκεῖνος δειλὸς καὶ λακαταπύγων. δεῦρο Μοῦσ' ἐλθὲ φλεγυρὰ πυρὸς ἔχουσα μένος, ἔντονος 'Αχαρνική. 665 οίον έξ ἀνθράκων πρινίνων φέψαλος ἀνήλατ', ἐρεθιζόμενος



οὐρία ἡιπίδι,



All for the pleasure of the "Glistening!" very good word for the matter of that,

Happily chosen, very descriptive, when applied in the praise of a sprat. Thanks to the Poet, you in future will be freed from folly like this.

Has he not also taught the peoples out of the cities their infinite bliss Being so thoroughly people-governed? Henceforth when the tribute is due, They will come with a zeal to see that wonderful Poet who lives among you, Who in the cause of Justice ventured his very life in peril to bring.

Nay, so far the fame of his daring has already come, that the King Lately taxed the Spartan ambassador; after asking which of us two Handled our ships best, "Tell me," quoth he, "which of you harbors that witty man, who

Lashes his fellows right and left? for that is the way to whip energy in,
And, by consequence, his is the side which in your war will assuredly win."
Therefore it is that Lakedaimonians offering us the plan of a peace,
Make the demand that in Aigina all our rights and interests cease;
Not that they care at all for the island, but they indulge their cunning and hate,
Well aware that, in that event, your Poet will certainly lose his estate.
Yield it not, but trust that he will ever his powers of comedy use
Only to foster the city's welfare, only to teach, correct and amuse.
Do not look that he should flatter, or cheat your ears with any pretence,
Tickle your whims, or buy off enemies; only look for thorough good sense.
Cunning as Kleon is, he shall not match me; not all his artifice ever shall
catch me.

I shall have honor in trusty alliance; true to the State, I set him at defiance. We at the least you never shall find braggart in front and coward behind.

Oh, for a muse of fiery flashes,
Impetuous Acharnian!
As the spark leaps up from the oakwood ashes,
Stirred by the breath of the fan;



明,年,年,年,年

ήνίκ' αν επανθρακίδες ώσι παρακείμεναι,	670
οί δὲ Θασίαν ἀνακυκῶσι λιπαράμπυκα,	
οί δὲ μάττωσιν, οὕτω σοβαρὸν ἐλθὲ μέλος, εὔτονον,	
άγροικότονον,	
ώς ἐμὲ λαβοῦσα τὸν δημότην.	675
οί γέροντες οί παλαιοί μεμφόμεσθα τῆ πόλει.	
οὐ γὰρ ἀξίως ἐκείνων ὧν ἐναυμαχήσαμεν	
γηροβοσκούμεσθ' ὑφ' ὑμῶν, ἀλλὰ δεινὰ πάσχομεν,	
οἵτινες γέροντας ἄνδρας ἐμβαλόντες ἐς γραφὰς	
ύπο νεανίσκων έᾶτε καταγελᾶσθαι ρητόρων,	680
οὐδὲν ὄντας, ἀλλὰ κωφούς καὶ παρεξηυλημένους,	
οίς Ποσειδών 'Ασφάλειός έστιν ή βακτηρία.	
τονθορύζοντες δὲ γήρα τῷ λίθφ προσέσταμεν,	
ούχ δρώντες ούδεν εί μη της δίκης την ηλύγην.	
ό δὲ νεανίας έαυτῷ σπουδάσας ξυνηγορείν	685
ές τάχος παίει ξυνάπτων στρογγύλοις τοις ρήμασι	
κάτ' ἀνελκύσας ἐρωτᾶ, σκανδάληθρ' ἱστὰς ἐπῶν,	
άνδρα Τιθωνὸν σπαράττων καὶ ταράττων καὶ κυκῶν.	
ό δ' ύπο γήρως μασταρύζει, κατ' όφλων απέρχεται	
εἶτα λύζει καὶ δακρύει, καὶ λέγει πρὸς τοὺς φίλους,	690
οδ μ' έχρην σορον πρίασθαι, τοῦτ' ὀφλων ἀπέρχομαι.	
ταῦτα πῶς εἰκότα, γέροντ' ἀπολέσαι πολιὸν ἄνδρα περὶ	
κλεψύδραν,	
πολλά δη ξυμπονήσαντα, καὶ θερμον ἀπομορξάμενον	
άνδρικον ίδρῶτα δὴ καὶ πολύν,	695
ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν ὄντα Μαραθώνι περὶ τὴν πόλιν ;	
εἶτα Μαραθῶνι μὲν ὅτ' ἡμεν, ἐδιώκομεν	
νῦν δ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν πονηρῶν σφόδρα διωκόμεθα, κἦτα πρὸς	
άλισκόμεθα.	700





When the little fish for frying
Are beside the embers lying,
When the Phasian sauce is making,
When the griddle cakes are baking.
Such a stirring melody,
Loud and strong and free as the breeze

Loud and strong and free as the breeze That whistles through our native trees.

Hither, Muse, and bring to me. We, the veterans of the city, briefly must expostulate At the hard ungrateful usage which we meet with from the state, Suffering men of years and service at your bar to stand indicted, Bullied by your beardless speakers, worried and perplex'd and frighted; Aided only by their staff, the staff on which their steps are stay'd Old and impotent and empty; deaf, decrepit and decay'd, There they stand, and pore and drivel, with a misty purblind gleam, Scarce discerning the tribunal, in a kind of waking dream. Then the stripling, their accuser, fresh from training, bold and quick, Pleads in person, fencing, sparring, using every turn and trick; Grappling with the feeble culprit, dragging him to dangerous ground, Into pitfalls of dilemmas, to perplex him and confound. Then the wretched invalid attempts an answer, and at last, After stammering and mumbling, goes away condemn'd and cast; Moaning to his friends and neighbors, "All the little store I have, All is gone! My purchase-money for a coffin and my grave."

Is it not a shame to harry and spoil
By clockrun a man whose hair is white?
Who has wiped the sweat of his manly toil
In the harvest-field and the fight?
Better soldier was there none

In the fight at Marathon.

"Then," says he—nor wants it sense—

"Persians stood on their defence.

But the fight has turned; for we Are but defenders from the blows Of native and ignoble foes."





πρὸς τάδε τίς ἀντερεῖ Μαρψίας; τῷ γὰρ εἰκὸς ἄνδρα κυφόν, ἡλίκον Θουκυδίδην, έξολέσθαι συμπλακέντα τῆ Σκυθών ἐρημία, τῶδε τῶ Κηφισοδήμω, τῷ λάλω ξυνηγόρω; 705 ωστ' έγω μεν ηλέησα κάπεμορξάμην ίδων άνδρα πρεσβύτην ύπ' άνδρὸς τοξότου κυκώμενον, δς μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ', ἐκεῖνος ἡνίκ' ἦν Θουκυδίδης, οὐδ' ἂν αὐτὴν τὴν 'Αχαίαν ραδίως ἠνέσχετ' ἄν, άλλα κατεπάλαισεν αν μεν πρώτον Εὐάθλους δέκα, 710 κατεβόησε δ' αν κεκραγώς τοξότας τρισχιλίους, περιετόξευσεν δ' αν αυτου του πατρος τους ξυγγενείς. άλλ' ἐπειδὴ τοὺς γέροντας οὐκ ἐᾶθ' ὕπνου τυχεῖν, Ψηφίσασθε χωρίς είναι τὰς γραφάς, ὅπως αν ή τῷ γέροντι μὲν γέρων καὶ νωδὸς ὁ ξυνήγορος, 715 τοίς νέοισι δ' εὐρύπρωκτος καὶ λάλος χώ Κλεινίου. κάξελαύνειν χρή τὸ λοιπόν, καν φύγη τις, ζημιοῦν τὸν γέροντα τῷ γέροντι, τὸν νέον δὲ τῷ νέφ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ὄροι μὲν ἀγορᾶς εἰσιν οἵδε τῆς ἐμῆς.
ἐνταῦθ' ἀγοράζειν πᾶσι Πελοποννησίοις
ἔξεστι καὶ Μεγαρεῦσι καὶ Βοιωτίοις
ἐφ' ὧτε πωλεῖν πρὸς ἐμέ, Λαμάχω δὲ μή.
ἀγορανόμους δὲ τῆς ἀγορᾶς καθίσταμαι
τρεῖς τοὺς λαχόντας τούσδ' ἱμάντας ἐκ Λεπρῶν.
ἐνταῦθα μῆτε συκοφάντης εἰσίτω
μήτ' ἄλλος ὅστις Φασιανός ἐστ' ἀνήρ.
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν στήλην καθ' ἢν ἐσπεισάμην
μέτειμ', ἵνα στήσω φανερὰν ἐν τἀγορᾶ.





Marpsias, will you answer me? Shame to see Thoukydides, when bent with years and fortune's stress, Overtaken, left to perish in that Scythian wilderness, Chatterpie Kephisodemos! Truth to say my eye was wet When I saw a man of worth by such a vagabond beset; A townguard archer! yea, by Ceres, when he was Thoukydides. He was one whom not Achaia would have ventured to displease. Ten such as Euathlous would have known their length upon the ground At his battle-cry; three thousand "archers" would have fled the sound. Archer! quotha; he had found the fellow's arrows better mark! He had laid the archer's father and his kindred stiff and stark. Nay, but if ye will not suffer aged men in peace to sleep, Let them have a court where they may battle by themselves and creep. If an old and toothless man must mumble in his petty cause, Set a mumbling advocate to vindicate the city's laws. Pit the young against the young, for they have muscle, teeth and breath: One of such in health may talk the son of Kleinias to death. If there must be prosecutor, criminated man and judge; If there must be banishment to satisfy a jealous grudge; Make a new decree about it, and in future let it hold, That the young shall try the young men, and the old men try the old. (Enter Dikaiopolis, assigning the bounds and order of his new market-place, placing thongs as clerks of the market.)

Well, there's the boundary of my market-place,
Marked out, for the Peloponnesians and Boiotians
And the Megarians. All are freely welcome
To traffic and to sell with me, but not with Lamachos.
Moreover I've appointed constables,
With lawful and sufficient straps and thongs,
To keep the peace, and to coerce and punish
All spies and vagabonds and informing people.
Come, now for the column, with the terms of peace
Inscribed upon it! I must fetch it out,
And fix it here in the centre of my market.

[Exit Dikaiopolis.]





MECAPETE.

ἀγορὰ 'ν 'Αθάναις χαῖρε, Μεγαρεῦσιν φίλα. ἐπόθουν τυ ναὶ τὸν φίλιον ἄπερ ματέρα. ἀλλ', ὧ πονηρὰ κώρι' ἀθλίου πατρός, ἄμβατε ποττὰν μάδδαν, αἴ χ' εὕρητέ πα. ἀκούετον δή, ποτέχετ' ἐμὶν τὰν γαστέρα πότερα πεπρᾶσθαι χρήδδετ', ἢ πεινῆν κακῶς;

кора.

πεπρασθαι πεπρασθαι.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

εγώνγα καὐτός φαμι. τίς δ' οὕτως ἄνους
ος ὑμέ κα πρίαιτο, φανερὰν ζαμίαν;
λλά' ἔστι γάρ μοι Μεγαρικά τις μαχανά.
χοίρους γὰρ ὑμὲ σκευάσας φασῶ φέρειν.
περίθεσθε τάσδε τὰς ὁπλὰς τῶν χοιρίων.
ὅπως δὲ δοξεῖτ' ἡμεν ἐξ ἀγαθᾶς ὑός *
ὡς ναὶ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν, εἴπερ ἱξεῖτ' οἴκαδις,
τὰ πρᾶτα πειρασεῖσθε τᾶς λιμοῦ κακῶς.
ἀλλ' ἀμφίθεσθε καὶ ταδὶ τὰ ῥυγχία,
κἤπειτεν ἐς τὸν σάκκον ὡδ' ἐσβαίνετε.
ὅπως δὲ γρυλλιξεῖτε καὶ κοίξετε
χἠσεῖτε φωνὰν χοιρίων μυστηρικῶν.
ἐγὼν δὲ καρυξῶ Δικαιόπολιν ὅπα.
Δικαιόπολι, ἡ λῆς πρίασθαι χοιρία;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί ; ἀνὴρ Μεγαρικός ;

METAPETE.

άγορασοῦντες ἵκομες.

750

730

735

740

745



Enter Megarian and his two daughters.

H! there's the Athenian market! Heaven bless it, I say, the welcomest sight to a Megarian. I've look'd for it, and long'd for it, like a child For its own mother. You, my daughters dear, Disastrous offspring of a dismal sire, List to my words; and let them sink impress'd Upon your empty stomachs; now's the time That you must seek a livelihood for yourselves. Therefore resolve at once, and answer me; Will you be sold abroad or starve at home?

BOTH.

Let us be sold, papa !—Let us be sold.

MEGARIAN.

I say so too; but who do ye think will purchase

Such useless, mischievous commodities? However, I have a notion of my own, A true Megarian scheme; I mean to sell ye Disguised as pigs, with artificial pettitoes. Here, take them, and put them on.

(Puts pigs' snouts in the girls' mouths and hoofs in their hands and envelopes them in a large sack.) Remember now,

Show yourselves off; do credit to your breeding,

Like decent pigs; or else, by Mercury, If I'm obliged to take you back to Megara,

There you shall starve, far worse than heretofore.

-This pair of masks too-fasten 'em on your faces,

And get into the sack here on the ground.

Mind ye-remember-you must squeak and whine,

And racket about like little roasting pigs.

-And I'll call out for Dikaiopolis. Hoh Dikaiopolis, Dikaiopolis!

I say, would you please to buy some pigs of mine? [Re-enter Dikaiopolis.

What's there? a Megarian?

MEGARIAN.

Yes, we're come to market.



一年一年一年一年一年一年

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

πῶς ἔχετε;

METAPETS.

διαπεινάμες ἀεὶ ποττὸ πῦρ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ' ήδύ τοι νη τον Δί', ην αὐλος παρη. τί δ' άλλο πράττεθ' οἱ Μεγαρης νῦν;

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

οΐα δή.

δκα μεν εγων τηνώθεν εμπορευόμαν, ἄνδρες πρόβουλοι τοῦτ' ἔπραττον τῷ πόλει, ὅπως τάχιστα καὶ κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμεθα.

755

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

αὐτίκ' ἄρ' ἀπαλλάξεσθε πραγμάτων.

METAPETE.

σά μάν;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δ' ἄλλο Μεγαροί; πῶς ὁ σίτος ὤνιος;

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

παρ' άμὲ πολυτίματος, ἄπερ τοὶ θεοί.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλας οὖν φέρεις;

METAPETE.

ούχ ύμες αὐτῶν ἄρχετε;

760

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐδὲ σκόροδα;



DIKAIOPOLIS.

How goes it with you?

MEGARIAN.

We're all like to starve.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, liking is everything, if you have your liking, That's all in all; the likeness is a good one, A pretty likeness! like to starve you say. But what else are you doing?

MEGARIAN.

What we're doing?

I left our governing people all contriving To ruin us utterly without loss of time.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

It's the only way; it will keep you out of mischief, Meddling and getting into scrapes.

MEGARIAN.

Ay, yes.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, what's your other news? How's corn? What price?

MEGARIAN.

Corn? its above all price; we worship it.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

But salt? You've salt I reckon-

MEGARIAN.

Salt? how should we?

Have not you seized the salt pans?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

No! nor garlic?

Have not ye garlic?





ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ

ποία σκόροδ'; ύμες των ἀεί.

ὄκκ' ἐσβάλητε, τως ἀρωραῖοι μύες, πάσσακι τὰς ἄγλιθας ἐξορύσσετε.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δαὶ φέρεις;

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

χοίρους ἐγώνγα μυστικάς.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καλώς λέγεις · ἐπίδειξον.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

άλλὰ μὰν καλαί.

765

άντεινον, αἰ λῆς · ὡς παχεῖα καὶ καλά.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τουτὶ τί ἢν τὸ πρᾶγμα;

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

χοίρος ναὶ Δία.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί λέγεις σύ; ποδαπη χοιρος ήδε;

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

Μεγαρικά.

η οὐ χοῖρός ἐσθ' ἄδ';

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐκ ἔμοιγε φαίνεται.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

οὐ δεινά; θᾶσθε τοῦδε τὰς ἀπιστίας.

770





MEGARIAN.

What do ye talk of garlic?

As if you had not wasted and destroyed it, And grubb'd the very roots out of the ground.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, what have you got then? Tell us! can't ye?

MEGARIAN.

Pigs-

Pigs truly—pigs for sooth, for sacrifice.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

That's well, let's look at 'em.

MEGARIAN.

Ay, they're handsome ones;

You may feel how heavy they are, if ye hold 'em up.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Hey day! What's this? What's here?

MEGARIAN.

A pig to be sure.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Do ye say so? Where does it come from?

MEGARIAN.

Come? from Megara.

What, ain't it a pig?

DIKAIOPOLIS (pulls out snouts and hoofs).

No truly, it does not seem so.

MEGARIAN.

Did you ever hear the like? Such an unaccountable



οὔ φατι τάνδε χοῖρον ἢμεν. ἀλλὰ μάν, αἰ λῆς, περίδου μοι περὶ θυμιτιδᾶν άλῶν, αἰ μή 'στιν οὖτος χοῖρος 'Ελλάνων νόμφ.

775

η λης ἀκοῦσαι φθεγγομένας;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

νή τοὺς θεοὺς

ἔγωγε.

METAPETE.

φώνει δη τὺ ταχέως, χοιρίον. οὐ χρησθα; σιγης, ὧ κάκιστ' ἀπολουμένα; πάλιν τυ ἀποισῶ ναὶ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν οἴκαδις.

KOPA.

κοΐ κοΐ.

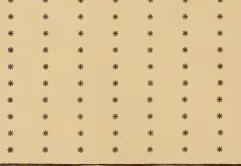
METAPETE.

780

αὕτα' στὶ χοῖρος;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

νῦν γε χοίρος φαίνεται.



785

790





Suspicious fellow! it's not a pig he says!
But I'll be judged; I'll bet ye a bushel of salt,
It's what we call a natural proper pig.
But come, will you hear 'em squeak?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Ay, yes, by Jove,

With all my heart.

MEGARIAN.

Come now, pig! now's the time:
Remember what I told ye—squeak directly!
Squeak can't ye? Curse ye, what's the matter with ye?
Squeak when I bid you, I say; by Mercury,
I'll carry you back to Megara if you don't.

DAUGHTERS.

Wee Wée.

MEGARIAN.

Do ye hear the pig?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

The pig, do ye call it?

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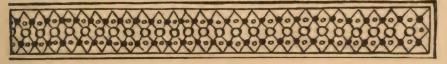
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795

ήδη δ' ἄνευ της μητρός ἐσθίοιεν ἄν;

METAPETE.

ναὶ τὸν Ποτειδᾶν, κᾶν ἄνευ γα τῶ πατρός.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δ' ἐσθίει μάλιστα;

METAPETE.

πάνθ' ἄ κα διδώς.

αὐτὸς δ' ἐρώτη.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

χοιρε χοιρε.

KOPA.

κοὶ κοί.

800

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τρώγοις αν έρεβίνθους;

KOPA.

κοὶ κοὶ κοί.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δαί; φιβάλεως ἰσχάδας;

KOPA.

κοί κοί.





You warrant 'em weaned? they'll feed without the mother?

MEGARIAN.

Without the mother or the father either.

DIKATOPOLIS.

But what do they like to eat?

MEGARIAN.

Just what you give 'em;

You may ask them if you will.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Pig, Pig.

DAUGHTERS.

Wee Weé.

DIKATOPOLIS.

Are ye fond of peas?

DAUGHTERS.

Wee Weé Wee Weé.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Are ye fond of figs?

DAUGHTERS.

Wee Weé Wee Weé Wee.





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δαί; σὺ καὶ τρώγοις αν αὐτάς;

KOPA.

κοΐ κοΐ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ώς ὀξὺ πρὸς τὰς ἰσχάδας κεκράγατε.
ἐνεγκάτω τις ἔνδοθεν τῶν ἰσχάδων
τοῖς χοιριδίοισιν. ἄρα τρώξονται; βαβαί,
οῖον ῥοθιάζουσ', ὧ πολυτίμηθ' Ἡράκλεις.
ποδαπὰ τὰ χοιρί'; ὡς Τραγασαῖα φαίνεται.
ἀλλ' οὔτι πάσας κατέτραγον τὰς ἰσχάδας;

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

έγω γαρ αὐτων τάνδε μίαν ἀνειλόμαν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

νη τον Δί' ἀστείω γε τω βοσκήματε· πόσου πρίωμαί σοι τὰ χοιρίδια; λέγε.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

τὸ μὲν ἄτερον τούτων σκορόδων τροπαλίδος, τὸ δ' ἄτερον, αἰ λῆς, χοίνικος μόνας άλῶν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ωνήσομαί σοι · περίμεν αὐτοῦ.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

ταῦτα δή.

815

805

810

Έρμᾶ 'μπολαῖε, τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἐμὰν οὕτω μ' ἀποδόσθαι τάν τ' ἐμαυτοῦ ματέρα.





DIKAIOPOLIS.

You little one, are you fond of figs?

DAUGHTERS.

Wee Weé.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What a squeak was there! they're ravenous for the figs;
Go, somebody, fetch out a parcel of figs
For the little pigs! [Enter slave bearing plate of figs.
Heh, what, they'll eat I warrant.
Lawk there, look at 'em racketing and bustling!
How they do munch and crunch! in the name of heaven,
Why, sure they can't have eaten 'em already!

MEGARIAN.

Not all, there's this one here, I took myself.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, faith, they're clever comical animals. What shall I give you for 'em? What do ye ask?

MEGARIAN.

I must have a gross of onions for this here; And the other you may take for a peck of salt.

DIKAIOPOLIS

I'll keep 'em; wait a moment.

[Exit Dikaiopolis.

MEGARIAN.

Heaven be praised!

O blessed Mercury! if I could but manage To make such another bargain for my wife, I'd do it to-morrow, or my mother either.





ΣΥΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ.

ΝΘΡΩΠΕ, ποδαπός;

χοιροπώλας Μεγαρικός.

ΣΥΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ.

τὰ χοιρίδια τοίνυν ἐγὼ φανῶ ταδὶ πολέμια καὶ σέ.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν', ἵκει πάλιν

820

825

ὄθενπερ ἀρχὰ τῶν κακῶν άμῖν ἔφυ.

ΣΥΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ.

κλάων μεγαριείς. οὐκ ἀφήσεις τὸν σάκον;

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

Δικαιόπολι Δικαιόπολι, φαντάζομαι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ύπὸ τοῦ; τίς ὁ φαίνων σ' ἐστίν; άγορανόμοι, τούς συκοφάντας οὐ θύραζ' έξείρξετε; τί δη μαθών φαίνεις άνευ θρυαλλίδος;

ΣΥΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ.

ού γὰρ φανῶ τοὺς πολεμίους;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κλάων γε σύ,

εί μη 'τέρωσε συκοφαντήσεις τρέχων.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

οίον τὸ κακὸν ἐν ταῖς 'Αθάναις τοῦτ' ἔνι.





Enter an Informer.

INFORMER.

Fellow, from whence?

MEGARIAN.

From Megara with my pigs.

INFORMER.

Then I denounce your pigs and you yourself, As belonging to the enemy.

MEGARIAN.

There it is!

The beginning of all our troubles over again.

INFORMER.

I'll teach you to come Megarizing here; Let go of the sack there.

MEGARIAN.

Dikaiopolis!

Hoh Dikaiopolis! there's a fellow here Denouncing me.

[Re-enter Dikaiopolis.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Denouncing is he? Constables,

Why don't you keep the market clear of sycophants?

You fellow, I must inform ye, your informing

Is wholly illegal and informal here.

INFORMER.

What, giving information against the enemy; Is that prohibited?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

At your peril! Carry

Your information to some other market.

The Informer is hustled out by Dikaiopolis and his market clerks.

MEGARIAN.

What a plague it is at Athens, this informing!





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

θάρρει, Μεγαρίκ' · ἀλλ' ἢς τὰ χοιρίδι' ἀπέδου τιμῆς, λαβὲ ταυτὶ τὰ σκόροδα καὶ τοὺς ἄλας, καὶ χαῖρε πόλλ'.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

άλλ' άμιν οὐκ ἐπιχώριον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

πολυπραγμοσύνης · νῦν ἐς κεφαλὴν τρέποιτό μοι.

ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.

ὧ χοιρίδια, πειρησθε κἄνις τῶ πατρὸς παίειν ἐφ᾽ ἀλὶ τὰν μάδδαν, αἴ κά τις διδῷ.

835

830

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

εὐδαιμονεῖ γ' ἄνθρωπος. οὐκ ἤκουσας οἶ προβαίνει τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦ βουλεύματος; καρπώσεται γὰρ άνὴρ έν τάγορα καθήμενος · καν είσίη τις Κτησίας, ή συκοφάντης άλλος, οί-840 μώζων καθεδείται. οὐδ' ἄλλος ἀνθρώπων ὑποψωνῶν σε πημανεῖ τι: οὐδ' ἐξομόρξεται Πρέπις τὴν εὐρυπρωκτίαν σοι, οὐδ' ἀστιεῖ Κλεωνύμφ · χλαιναν δ' έχων φανήν δίει. 845 κού ξυντυχών σ' Υπέρβολος δικών ἀναπλήσει. οὐδ' ἐντυχὼν ἐν τἀγορῷ πρόσεισί σοι βαδίζων Κρατίνος ἀεὶ κεκαρμένος μοιχὸν μιὰ μαχαίρα, ό περιπόνηρος 'Αρτέμων, 850 ό ταχὺς ἄγαν τὴν μουσικήν,





DIKAIOPOLIS.

O never fear, Megarian; take it there, The payment for your pigs, the salt and onions: And fare you well.

MEGARIAN.

That's not the fashion amongst us,

We've not been used to faring well.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

No matter.

If it's offensive, I'll revoke the wish; And imprecate it on myself instead.

MEGARIAN.

There now, my little pigs, you must contrive To munch your bread with salt, if you can get it. [Exeunt omnes.

Our friend's affairs improve apace; his lucky speculation Is raising him to wealth and place, to name and reputation.

With a revenue neat and clear,
Arising without risk or fear,
No sycophant will venture here
To spoil his occupation.

Not Ktesias, the dirty spy, that lately terrified him;
Nor Prepis, with his infamy, will jostle side-be-side him.

Clothed in a neat and airy dress
He'll move at ease among the press,
Without a fear of nastiness,
Or danger to betide him.

Hyperbolos will never dare to indict him, or arrest him, Kleonymos will not be there to bother and molest him.

Nor he, the bard of little price, Kratinos, with the curls so nice, Kratinos in the new device In which the barber drest him.



όζων κακὸν τῶν μασχαλῶν πατρὸς Τραγασαίου · οὐδ' αὖθις αὖ σε σκώψεται Παύσων ὁ παμπόνηρος, Λυσίστρατός τ' ἐν τἀγορᾳ, Χολαργέων ὄνειδος, 855 ὁ περιαλουργὸς τοῖς κακοῖς, ρίγῶν τε καὶ πεινῶν ἀεὶ πλεῖν ἢ τριάκονθ' ἡμέρας τοῦ μηνὸς ἐκάστου.

860

865

870

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

ἴττω Ἡρακλῆς, ἔκαμόν γα τὰν τύλαν κακῶς, κατάθου τὰ τὰν γλάχων ἀτρέμας, Ἰσμηνία ὑμὲς δ', ὅσοι Θείβαθεν αὐληταὶ πάρα, τοῖς ὀστίνοις φυσῆτε τὸν πρωκτὸν κυνός.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

παῦ' ἐς κόρακας. οἱ σφῆκες οὐκ ἀπὸ τῶν θυρῶν; πόθεν προσέπτανθ' οἱ κακῶς ἀπολούμενοι ἐπὶ τὴν θύραν μοι Χαιριδεῖς βομβαύλιοι;

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

νὴ τὸν Ἰολαον, ἐπιχαρίττω γ', ὡ ξένε · Θείβαθι γὰρ φυσᾶντες ἐξόπισθέ μου τἄνθεια τᾶς γλάχωνος ἀπέκιξαν χαμαί. ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει, πρίασο, τῶν ἐγὼ φέρω, τῶν ὀρταλίχων, ἡ τῶν τετραπτερυλλίδων.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ω χαίρε, κολλικοφάγε Βοιωτίδιον. τί φέρεις;

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

όσ' ἐστὶν ἀγαθὰ Βοιωτοῖς ἁπλῶς,

了学了学了学了学了学了学了学了



Nor he, the paltry, saucy rogue, the poor and undeserving Lysistratos, that leads the rogue in impudence unswerving.

Taunt and offence in all he says; Ruin'd in all kinds of ways; In every month of thirty days, Nine and twenty starving.

Enter Boiotian dealer carrying goods for the market, followed by his slave and two pipers.

BOIOTIAN.

NOW Hercules! the weight has galled me, that it has.
Put down the flea-bane carefully, Ismenias.
You pipers, who from Thebes have followed all the way,
Now put some wind into your leather bags and play.

Enter Dikaiopolis.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Confound ye, stop! Be off, ye drones! Whence have we these [Exeunt pipers. Most dreary, humble-bumble bees of Chairides?

BOIOTIAN.

By Iolas, my friend, and with my free consent,
For they have come from Thebes still blowing as they went,
And dropped me much good flea-bane. Please you, sir, to try;
I've brought a store of things: chicks, locusts; what d'ye buy?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Ah, ah! my dumpling eater, my Boiotian friend, What have you?

BOIOTIAN.

Some of all Boiotia can send,



ὀρίγανον, γλαχώ, ψιαθούς, θρυαλλίδας, νάσσας, κολοιούς, ἀτταγᾶς, φαλαρίδας, τροχίλους, κολύμβους.

875

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ώσπερεὶ χειμὼν ἄρα ὀρνιθίας εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν ἐλήλυθας.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

καὶ μὰν φέρω χᾶνας, λαγώς, ἀλώπεκας, σκάλοπας, ἐχίνως, αἰελούρως, πικτίδας, ἰκτίδας, ἐνύδριας, ἐγχέλεις Κωπαΐδας.

880

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

δός μοι προσειπείν, εί φέρεις τὰς εγχέλεις.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

πρέσβειρα πεντήκοντα Κωπάδων κοράν, εκβαθι τῷδε κἠπιχάριττε τῷ ξένῳ.

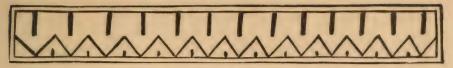
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἄ φιλτάτη σὺ καὶ πάλαι ποθουμένη,
ἢλθες ποθεινὴ μὲν τρυγωδικοῖς χοροῖς,
φίλη δὲ Μορύχω. δμῶες, ἐξενέγκατε
τὴν ἐσχάραν μοι δεῦρο καὶ τὴν ῥιπίδα.
σκέψασθε, παῖδες, τὴν ἀρίστην ἔγχελυν,
ἥκουσαν ἕκτω μόλις ἔτει ποθουμένην ·
προσείπατ ἀὐτήν, ἄ τέκν · ἄνθρακας δ' ἐγὼ
ὑμῖν παρέξω τῆσδε τῆς ξένης χάριν.
ἀλλ ἐἴσφερ αὐτήν · μηδὲ γὰρ θανών ποτε
σοῦ χωρὶς εἴην ἐντετευτλανωμένης.

885

80





Here's flea-bane, marjoram, here's wicks and mats of rushes, Here's divers, dippers, daws, here's water-hens and thrushes; Teal, landrail, field-fare, widgeon.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What a flight of words! You've come into the market like a storm of birds.

BOIOTIAN.

I've geese besides, and hare, I've foxes, hedgehog, mole, Rat, otter, beaver, weasel, and to crown the whole, Eels from Kopaïs.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Ha! man's choicest dainty! bless it! Oh! if you have the eel, permit me to address it.

BOIOTIAN (takes a huge eel from his bag).

Eldest of fifty daughters of Kopaïs deign To smile upon the stranger, and your name sustain.

DIKAIOPOLIS (addressing the eel).

Much as I love and wish, thou, most desired of all, Comest in welcome hour to this our festival!

Beloved of Morychos! The frying-pan and bellows

Here, slaves; and look at it, the fairest of its fellows!

(Enter two slaves.)

'Tis eight years since we saw the like! eight weary years, That we have longed for it with mingled hopes and fears. Speak nicely to it, slaves, and hark, let it be dressed, For I will find the coals and entertain this guest. But take her in. For I confess I could not meet My death composedly without thee—served in beet.

Slaves march off with eel.





ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

έμοὶ δὲ τιμὰ τᾶσδε πᾶ γενήσεται;

895

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἀγορᾶς τέλος ταύτην γέ που δώσεις ἐμοί · ἀλλ' εἴ τι πωλεῖς τῶνδε τῶν ἄλλων, λέγε.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

ιώγα ταθτα πάντα.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

φέρε, πόσου λέγεις ; ἡ φορτί' ἔτερ' ἐνθένδ' ἐκεῖσ' ἄξεις ;

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

ìώ.

ο τι γ' έστ' 'Αθάναις, έν Βοιωτοίσιν δὲ μή.

900

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άφύας ἄρ' ἄξεις πριάμενος Φαληρικάς ἡ κέραμον.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

ἀφύας ἢ κέραμον ; ἀλλ' ἔντ' ἐκεῦ · ἀλλ' ὅ τι παρ' ἀμῦν μή 'στι, τᾳδε δ' αὖ πολύ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έγῷδα τοίνυν · συκοφάντην έξαγε ὥσπερ κέραμον ἐνδησάμενος.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

νη τω σιώ,

905

λάβοιμι μέντἂν κέρδος ἀγαγὼν καὶ πολύ, ἔπερ πίθακον ἀλιτρίας πολλᾶς πλέων.





BOIOTIAN.

But who will pay me for it?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

'Tis my market due.

If you would sell the rest we can begin anew.

BOIOTIAN.

All are for sale.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Good then: what do you ask a head?

Or will you take home other articles instead?

BOIOTIAN.

If there is anything which Athens has, and we have not.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Phaleric sprats? or Attic pottery?

BOIOTIAN.

Pooh! sprats and pottery! we have them and to spare. Find something which you have, and we have not got there.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I've hit it. An Informer will be just the thing; Put up like pottery!

BOIOTIAN.

By the Gods! he'll bring A handsome profit for the show; besides the fun in Exhibiting my monkey, full of tricks and cunning.



nininininin

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καὶ μὴν όδὶ Νίκαρχος ἔρχεται φανῶν.

BOIOTOZ.

μικκός γα μᾶκος οὖτος.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ' ἄπαν κακόν.

NIKAPXOX.

ταυτί τίνος τὰ φορτί' ἐστί;

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

τῶδ' ἐμὰ

910

Θείβαθεν, ἴττω Δεύς.

NIKAPXOX.

έγω τοίνυν όδὶ

φαίνω πολέμια ταῦτα.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

τί δαὶ κακὸν παθών

όρναπετίοισι πόλεμον ήρα καὶ μάχαν;

NIKAPXOX.

καὶ σέ γε φανῶ πρὸς τοῖσδε.

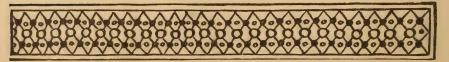
ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

τί ἀδικειμένος;

NIKAPXOZ.

ενω φράσω σοι των περιεστώτων χάριν. εκ των πολεμίων γ' εἰσάγεις θρυαλλίδας.

915





Enter Nikarchos.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Here comes Nikarchos, prowling for a prey no doubt.

BOIOTIAN.

'Tis but a little man.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

But solid rogue throughout.

NIKARCHOS.

Whose merchandise is this?

BOIOTIAN.

I'd have you understand

'Tis mine; from Thebes.

NIKARCHOS.

Then I declare it contraband:

They're enemies.

BOIOTIAN.

What can the little birds have done

That you should rate them such?

NIKARCHOS.

And I declare you one.

BOIOTIAN.

What have I done?

NIKARCHOS.

Before the standers-round to fix Your proper guilt; I say—You bring in candlewicks.



ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έπειτα φαίνεις δήτα διὰ θρυαλλίδα;

NIKAPXO∑.

αύτη γὰρ ἐμπρήσειεν αν τὸ νεώριον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

νεώριον θρυαλλίς;

NIKAPXO∑.

οἶμαι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τίνι τρόπφ;

920

925

NIKAPXOZ.

ἐνθεὶς αν ἐς τίφην ἀνὴρ Βοιώτιος ἄψας αν εἰσπέμψειεν ἐς τὸ νεώριον δι' ὑδρορρόας, βορέαν ἐπιτηρήσας μέγαν. κεἴπερ λάβοιτο τῶν νεῶν τὸ πῦρ ἄπαξ, σελαγοῦντ' αν εὐθύς.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ω κάκιστ' ἀπολούμενε, σελαγοΐντ' ὰν ὑπὸ τίφης τε καὶ θρυαλλίδος ;

NIKAPXOZ.

μαρτύρομαι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ξυλλάμβαν' αὐτοῦ τὸ στόμα· δός μοι φορυτόν, ἵν' αὐτὸν ἐνδήσας φέρω, ὥσπερ κέραμον, ἵνα μὴ καταγῆ φορούμενος.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

ένδησον, & βέλτιστε, τώ





DIKAIOPOLIS.

And do the candlewicks so much inflame your ire?

NIKARCHOS.

Why! one of them might set the arsenal on fire.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

A wick can fire the arsenal?

NIKARCHOS.

I say it can.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

How so?

NIKARCHOS.

The thing is easy. Some Boiotian
Finds me an empty bean pod—'tis a simple trick—
And in the bottom of it fixes me his wick:
He watches for a night when northern winds prevail;
Kindles his wick and sets the little boat to sail
Down the main drain. If once the ships should catch the flame
Then all would be ablaze—

DIKAIOPOLIS.

And candlewick to blame!

NIKARCHOS.

That I attest.

DIKATOPOLIS.

Gag him and stop the fellow's ravings. I'll pack him neatly; bring a flag mat and some shavings.

(Dikaiopolis and his slaves seize Nikarchos and make him up like a parcel of pottery and cord him, he protesting lustily all the while.)

CHORUS.

To preserve him safe and sound, You must have him fairly bound,





ξένω καλώς την έμπολην ούτως ὅπως ἃν μη φέρων κατάξη.

930

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έμοὶ μελήσει ταῦτ', ἐπεί τοι καὶ ψοφεῖ λάλον τι καὶ πυρορραγὲς κἄλλως θεοῖσιν ἐχθρόν.

XOPOZ AXAPNEON.

τί χρήσεταί ποτ' αὐτῷ;

935

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

πάγχρηστον ἄγγος ἔσται, κρατὴρ κακῶν, τριπτὴρ δικῶν, φαίνειν ὑπευθύνους λυχνοῦ-χος, καὶ κύλιξ τὰ πράγματ' ἐγκυκᾶσθαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

πῶς δ' ὰν πεποιθοίη τις ἀγγείφ τοιούτφ χρώμενος κατ' οἰκίαν τοσόνδ' ἀεὶ ψοφοῦντι;

940

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ισχυρόν έστιν, ὧγάθ', ὥστ' οὐκ ἃν καταγείη ποτ', εἴπερ ἐκ ποδῶν κάτω κάρα κρέμαιτο.

945





With a cordage nicely wound, Up and down, and round and round; Securely packed.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I shall have a special care,
For he's a piece of paltry ware;
And as you strike him, here or there,
The noises he returns declare—
He's partly crack'd.

CHORUS.

How then is he fit for use?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

As a store-jar of abuse.

Plots and lies he cooks, and brews

Slander and seditious news,

Or anything.

CHORUS.

Have you stow'd him safe enough?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Never fear, he's hearty stuff;
Fit for usage hard and rough,
Fit to beat and fit to cuff,
To toss and fling.
You can hang him up or down
By the heels or by the crown.



ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ήδη καλώς έχει σοι.

ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.

μελλω γέ τοι θερίδδειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

άλλ', ὧ ξένων βέλτιστε, συνθέριζε καὶ τοῦτον λαβὼν πρόβαλλ' ὅποι βούλει φέρων πρὸς πάντα συκοφάντην.

950

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μόλις γ' ἐνέδησα τὸν κακῶς ἀπολούμενον. αἴρου λαβὼν τὸν κέραμον, ὧ Βοιώτιε.

BOIΩTO∑.

ύπόκυπτε τὰν τύλαν ἰών, Ἰσμήνιχε.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

χώπως κατοίσεις αὐτὸν εὐλαβούμενος. πάντως μὲν οἴσεις οὐδὲν ὑγιές, ἀλλ' ὅμως • κἂν τοῦτο κερδάνης ἄγων τὸ φορτίον, εὐδαιμονήσεις συκοφαντῶν γ' οὕνεκα.

955





CHORUS.

We wish ye joy.

BOIOTIAN.

I'm for harvest business bound.

CHORUS.

Fare ye well, my jolly clown.
You've a purchase tight and neat;
A rogue, a sycophant complete;
Fit to hang about and beat,
Fit to stand the cold and heat
And all employ.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I'd a hard job with the rascal, tying him up! Come, my Boiotian, take away your bargain.

BOIOTIAN.

Ismenias, stoop your back and heave him up. There—softly and fairly—so—now carry him off.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

He's an unlucky commodity; notwithstanding, If he earns you a profit, you can have to say, What few can say, you've been the better for him, And mended your affairs by the informer.

[Exeunt the Boiotian and slave carrying off Nikarchos.





ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.





τί ἔστι; τί με βωστρεῖς;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ἐκέλευσε Λάμαχός σε ταυτησὶ δραχμῆς εἰς τοὺς Χόας αὐτῷ μεταδοῦναι τῶν κιχλῶν, τριῶν δραχμῶν δ' ἐκέλευε Κωπῆδ' ἔγχελυν.

ο τι:

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ό ποίος ούτος Λάμαχος την έγχελυν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ό δεινός, ό ταλαύρινος, δς την Γοργόνα πάλλει, κραδαίνων τρεῖς κατασκίους λόφους.

965

960

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐκ ἃν μὰ Δί', εἰ δοίη γέ μοι τὴν ἀσπίδα · ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ταρίχει τοὺς λόφους κραδαινέτω · ἢν δ' ἀπολιγαίνη, τοὺς ἀγορανόμους καλῶ. ἐγὰ δ' ἐμαυτῷ τόδε λαβὰν τὸ φορτίον εἴσειμ' ὑπαὶ πτερύγων κιχλᾶν καὶ κοψίχων.

970





Enter Attendant on Lamachos.

ATTENDANT.

Hoh, Dikaiopolis!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, what's the matter? Why need ye bawl so?

ATTENDANT.

Lamachos sends his orders, With a drachma for a dish of quails, and three For that Kopaïc eel, he bid me give you.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

An eel for Lamachos? Who is Lamachos?

ATTENDANT.

The fierce and hardy warrior; he that wields The Gorgon shield and waves the triple plume.

DIKAIOPOLIS

And if he'd give me his shield he should not have it: Let him wave his plumage over a mess of salt fish. What's more; if he takes it amiss, and makes a riot, I'll speak to the clerk of the market, you may tell him.

Exit Attendant.

But as for me, with this my precious basket, Hence I depart, while ortolans and quails Attend my passage and partake the gales.

[Exit Dikaiopolis.





ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ΔΕΣ & είδες & πασα πόλι τον φρόνιμον ἄνδρα, τον ύπέρσοφον,

οἷ' ἔχει σπεισάμενος ἐμπορικὰ χρήματα διεμπολᾶν, ὧν τὰ μὲν ἐν οἰκίᾳ χρήσιμα, τὰ δ' αὖ πρέπει χλιαρὰ κατεσθίειν.

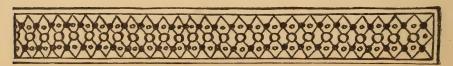
αὐτόματα πάντ' ἀγαθὰ τῷδέ γε πορίζεται.
οὐδέποτ' ἐγὼ Πόλεμον οἴκαδ' ὑποδέξομαι,
οὐδὲ παρ' ἐμοί ποτε τὸν 'Αρμόδιον ἄσεται 980
ξυγκατακλινείς, ὅτι παροίνιος ἀνὴρ ἔφυ,
ὅστις ἐπὶ πάντ' ἀγάθ' ἔχοντας ἐπικωμάσας,
εἰργάσατο πάντα κακὰ κἀνέτραπε κάξέχει,
κἀμάχετο, καὶ προσέτι πολλὰ προκαλουμένου,

985

πῖνε, κατάκεισο, λαβὲ τήνδε φιλοτησίαν, τὰς χάρακας ἦπτε πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔτι τῷ πυρί, ἐξέχει θ' ἡμῶν βίᾳ τὸν οἶνον ἐκ τῶν ἀμπέλων.

ταί τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον ἄμα καὶ μεγάλα δὴ φρονεῖ,

φρονεί, 988
τοῦ βίου δ' ἐξέβαλε δείγμα τάδε τὰ πτερὰ πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν.
ὧ Κύπριδι τῆ καλῆ καὶ Χάρισι ταῖς φίλαις ξύντροφε Διαλλαγή,
ὡς καλὸν ἔχουσα τὸ πρόσωπον ἄρ' ἐλάνθανες. 990
πῶς ἄν ἐμὲ καὶ σέ τις Ἔρως ξυναγάγοι λαβών,
ὥσπερ ὁ γεγραμμένος, ἔχων στέφανον ἀνθέμων;
ἢ πάνυ γερόντιον ἴσως νενόμικάς με σύ;
ἀλλά σε λαβὼν τρία δοκῶ γ' ἄν ἔτι προσβαλεῖν •
πρῶτα μὲν ἄν ἀμπελίδος ὄρχον ἐλάσαι μακρόν, 995
εἶτα παρὰ τόνδε νέα μοσχίδια συκίδων,
καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἡμερίδος ὄζον, ὁ γέρων ὁδί,





CHORUS.

He was wise to make his peace;

Now the city knows it.

Wealth must in his house increase,

Commerce overflows it.

Articles of usefulness,

Articles for eating,

One upon another press,

Happy at the meeting.

I will never harbor WAR;

He shall not be guest of mine,

Headstrong mischief-maker; for,

Say you, "Take a cup of wine,"

Roistering he comes to spoil,

Mars the feasting with a broil;

Scatters, snatches, overturns,

Takes your vine-stakes up and burns;

Yea, for all that you can say,

Madly stabs the very vine,

Lets its life-blood ebb away-

WAR shall not be guest of mine.

Foster sister to the Graces,

RECONCILIATION!

Hitherto how fair thy face is

Passed my observation.

Crowned with roses, would some youth

(As we painted see Love)

Take you by the hand in truth

And give you to me, love-

"Wedding winter unto spring;

Laying snow-wreath on a flower "-

Say you so? but I will bring

Three enhancements for thy dower:

First, I'll trench a goodly line,

In it I will set the vine;

Then a second I will dig

For young suckers of the fig;

Wilder berries have their charm,

They shall have another row.





καὶ περὶ τὸ χωρίον ἐλάδας ἄπαν ἐν κύκλφ, ὥστ' ἀλείφεσθαι σ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν κάμὲ ταῖς νουμηνίαις.

KHPYE.

ἀκούετε λεφ · κατὰ τὰ πάτρια τοὺς χόας πίνειν ὑπὸ τῆς σάλπιγγος · δς δ' αν ἐκπίῃ πρώτιστος, ἀσκὸν Κτησιφωντος λήψεται.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

& παίδες, & γυναίκες, οὐκ ἠκούσατε;
τί δρᾶτε; τοῦ κήρυκος οὐκ ἀκούετε;
ἀναβράττετ', ἐξοπτᾶτε, τρέπετ', ἀφέλκετε
τὰ λαγῷα ταχέως, τοὺς στεφάνους ἀνείρετε.
φέρε τοὺς ὀβελίσκους, ἵν' ἀναπείρω τὰς κίχλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ζηλῶ σε τῆς εὐβουλίας, μᾶλλον δὲ τῆς εὐωχίας, ἄνθρωπε, τῆς παρούσης.

1010

1000

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δητ', ἐπειδὰν τὰς κίχλας ὀπτωμένας ἴδητε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

οἶμαί σε καὶ τοῦτ' εὖ λέγειν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τὸ πῦρ ὑποσκάλευε.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

ήκουσας ώς μαγειρικώς

1015





And, encircling all the farm, Olives shall be set to grow.

Enter Herald.

HERALD.

Good people, hear. The statutes of the feast ordain When as ye hear the trumpet sounding, ye shall drain Your pitchers. He who first his pitcher shall have done Shall have for his reward the skin of Ktesiphon.

[Exit.

Enter Dikaiopolis shouting.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What are you doing, slaves? Wenches, where are your wits? Look to your business, take the leverets from the spits. Do keep the pots a-boiling; turn the fry; and weave Some garlands. I will spit the thrushes, with your leave.

CHORUS.

Good counsel you before had shown, Good living seems not less your own; My envy is excited.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Ah, if you saw the thrushes roast; You would be quite delighted.

CHORUS.

You speak the truth without a boast.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

See, slave, that fire wants blowing.

CHORUS.

His orders are so like a cook's!



κομψώς τε καὶ δειπνητικώς αύτῷ διακονείται;

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

οἴμοι τάλας.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

& Ἡράκλεις, τίς ούτοσί;

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

άνηρ κακοδαίμων.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κατὰ σεαυτόν νυν τρέπου

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

ὦ φίλτατε, σπουδαὶ γάρ εἰσι σοὶ μόνω, μέτρησου εἰρήνης τί μοι, κὰν πέντ' ἔτη.

1020

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί δ' ἔπαθες;

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

έπετρίβην ἀπολέσας τὼ βόε.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

πόθεν;

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

ἀπὸ Φυλης ἔλαβον οἱ Βοιώτιοι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

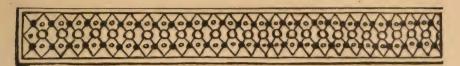
ω τρισκακοδαίμων, είτα λευκον άμπέχει;

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι νη Δί' ὅπερ μ' ἐτρεφέτην ἐν πᾶσι βολίτοις.

1025





How lordly, suppingly, he looks, And keeps the business going.

Enter Farmer.

FARMER.

H dear, Oh, dear!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What's this?

FARMER.

A man making a moan.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Then go your way.

FARMER.

Good sir, the Truce is yours alone; Give me a Peace, if 'tis a trifle of five years.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

What is the matter?

FARMER.

I have lost a yoke of steers.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Where from?

FARMER.

rom Phyle. The Boiotians came across.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

And you are not in mourning after such a loss?

FARMER.

They were my comfort and support; for them my heart does bleed!



ninininininin

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

εἶτα νυνὶ τοῦ δέει;

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

ἀπόλωλα τὦφθαλμὼ δακρύων τὼ βόε. ἀλλ' εἴ τι κήδει Δερκέτου Φυλασίου, ὑπάλειψον εἰρήνη με τὧφθαλμω ταχύ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ', ὧ πονήρ', οὐ δημοσιεύων τυγχάνω.

1030

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

ϊθ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἤν πως κομίσωμαι τὼ βόε.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ κλᾶε πρὸς τοῦ Πιττάλου.

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

σὺ δ' ἀλλά μοι σταλαγμὸν εἰρήνης ἕνα εἰς τὸν καλαμίσκον ἐνστάλαξον τουτονί.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὐδ' ἀν στριβιλικίγξ · ἀλλ' ἀπιων οἴμωζέ που.

1035

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.

οίμοι κακοδαίμων τοῦν γεωργοῦν βοιδίοιν.

XOPOZ AXAPNEON.

άνηρ ενεύρηκεν τι ταῖς σπονδαῖσιν ήδύ, κοὐκ ἔοικεν οὐδενὶ μεταδώσειν.



DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, then, speak out, my man, and tell me what you need.

FARMER.

And now I've lost my eyes, for crying in this fashion. If Derketes of Phyle can move your compassion. Do drop some Peace into my eyes; a little squeeze.

DIKATOPOLIS.

But I am not a parish doctor, Derketes.

FARMER.

It may be I may get the oxen back. Only a little.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Pooh! go and carry your complaint to Doctor Pittal.

FARMER.

The smallest drop of Peace. I do beseech you. Here's a quill.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

No, not a whisper.

FARMER.

Oh! my yoke of steers! [Exit.

CHORUS.

The Truce he finds a dainty fare, Which he is indisposed to share, At anybody's wishes.





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κατάχει σὺ τῆς χορδῆς τὸ μέλι ·
τὰς σηπίας στάθευε.

1040

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ηκουσας δρθιασμάτων;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οπτατε τάγχέλεια.

XOPOZ AXAPNEMI

άποκτενείς λιμφ με καὶ τοὺς γείτονας κνίση τε καὶ φωνή τοιαῦτα λάσκων.

1045

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

όπτᾶτε ταυτί καὶ καλώς ξανθίζετε.

ΠΑΡΑΝΥΜΦΟΣ.

ΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΊ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τίς ούτοσὶ τίς ούτοσί;

ΠΑΡΑΝΥΜΦΟΣ.

ἔπεμψέ τίς σοι νυμφίος ταυτὶ κρέα ἐκ τῶν γάμων.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καλώς γε ποιών, ὅστις ἦν.

1050

ΠΑΡΑΝΥΜΦΟΣ.

έκέλευε δ' έγχέαι σε, των κρεών χάριν,

ές του ἀλάβαστου κύαθου εἰρήνης ἕνα.



X D D D X D D D X

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Some honey on the sausages. And toast the jelly-fishes.

CHORUS.

The pompous air in all he says!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

See that the eels are frying,

CHORUS.

What with the noise and smell so good, And hunger, all the neighborhood, And we, are almost dying.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

And brown them.

Enter Bridesman and Bridesmaid.

BRIDESMAN.

Hoh Dikaiopolis!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Who's there? who's that?

BRIDESMAN.

A bridegroom that has sent a dish of meat From his marriage feast.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, come! that's handsome of him;

That's proper whoever he is; that's as it should be.

BRIDEGROOM.

In fact, my friend the bridegroom, he that sent it, Objects to foreign service just at present; He begs you'd favor him with the balsam of peace; A trifling quantity, in the box I've brought.





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἀπόφερ' ἀπόφερε τὰ κρέα καὶ μή μοι δίδου, ώς οὐκ ἂν ἐγχέαιμι χιλιῶν δραχμῶν. ἀλλ' αὐτηὶ τίς ἐστίν;

1055

ΠΑΡΑΝΥΜΦΟΣ.

ή νυμφεύτρια δεῖται παρὰ τῆς νύμφης τι σοὶ λέξαι μόνφ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

φέρε δή, τί σὺ λέγεις; ὡς γελοῖον, ὡ θεοί, τὸ δέημα τῆς νύμφης, ὁ δεῖταί μου σφόδρα,

1060

φέρε δεῦρο τὰς σπονδάς, ἵν' αὐτῆ δῶ μόνη, ὁτιὴ γυνή 'στι τοῦ πολέμου τ' οὐκ ἀξία. ὕπεχ' ὧδε δεῦρο τοὐξάλειπτρον, ὧ γύναι. οἶσθ' ὡς ποιεῖτε τοῦτο; τῆ νύμφη φράσον,

1065

ἀπόφερε τὰς σπουδάς. φέρε τὴν οἰνήρυσιν, ἵν' οἶνον ἐγχέω λαβὼν ἐς τοὺς χόας.

XOPOΣ AXAPNEΩN.

καὶ μὴν ὁδί τις τὰς ὀφρῦς ἀνεσπακὼς ὥσπερ τι δεινὸν ἀγγελῶν ἐπείγεται.

1070

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ιω πόνοι τε καὶ μάχαι καὶ Λάμαχοι.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τίς ἀμφὶ χαλκοφάλαρα δώματα κτυπεῖ;





DIKAIOPOLIS.

No! no! take back the dish; I can't receive it. Dispose it somewhere else; take it away. I would not part with a particle of my balsam, For all the world—not for a thousand drachmas. But that young woman there, who's she?

BRIDESMAN.

The bridesmaid,

With a particular message from the bride, Wishing to speak a word in private with you.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Well, what have ye got to say? Let's hear it all!

Oh bless me, what a capital, comical,

Extraordinary string of female reasons,

*

—Well, we'll indulge her, since she's only a woman; She's not obliged to serve; bring out the balsam.

(Enter slave bearing Peace.)
Come, where's your little vial? but I say—
Do you know the manner of it? No, not you,
*

Now take the balsam back, and bring me a funnel To rack my wine off. I must mix my wine.

[Exeunt all but Dikaiopolis.

CHORUS.

See yet another! posting here, it seems With awful tidings anxious and aghast.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER.
Oh! toils and broils and Lamachos!

Enter Lamachos.

LAMACHOS.

Who thunders at the brazen gates? who calls on us?





ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ιέναι σ' ἐκέλευον οι στρατηγοι τήμερον ταχέως λαβόντα τοὺς λόχους καὶ τοὺς λόφους κάπειτα τηρεῖν νιφόμενον τὰς εἰσβολάς. ὑπὸ τοὺς Χόας γὰρ καὶ Χύτρους αὐτοῖσί τις ἤγγειλε ληστὰς ἐμβαλεῖν Βοιωτίους.

1075

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ιω στρατηγοί πλείονες ή βελτίονες. οὐ δεινὰ μη 'ξείναι με μηδ' ἐορτάσαι;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ιω στράτευμα πολεμολαμαχαϊκόν.

1080

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, καταγελậς ἤδη σύ μου.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

βούλει μάχεσθαι Γηρυόνη τετραπτίλω;

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

aiaî,

οίαν ὁ κήρυξ ἀγγελίαν ἤγγειλέ μοι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

αίαι, τίνα δ' αὐ μοι προστρέχει τις άγγελων;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

Δικαιόπολι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τί ἔστιν ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

έπὶ δεῖπνον ταχὺ

1085

βάδιζε, τὴν κίστην λαβών καὶ τὸν χόα.

了羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「



MESSENGER.

It is the General's orders that you go to-day,
Taking your companies and crests without delay,
To watch the passes in the snow; for it is told
That certain thieves from the Boiotian side, made bold
By reason of our feast, trouble the neighborhood
With lifting prey.

[Exit.

LAMACHOS.

Oh! Generals more numerous than good!

DIKAIOPOLIS

To go and leave the feast! oh, terrible position! Oh, lamentable lamachoean expedition!

LAMACHOS.

Is it at me you dare to cast such scoffs as these?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Wouldst thou do battle with four-winged Geryones?

LAMACHOS.

Ah! ah! what heavy tidings did the herald sing me?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Hah! ha! what tidings will this coming fellow bring me?

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER.

OOD Dikaiopolis.

DIKAIOPOLIS.
What now?

MESSENGER.

Please you pack up

Your pitcher and provision box, and come to sup.



X D D D X D D X

ό τοῦ Διονύσου γάρ σ' ἱερεὺς μεταπέμπεται. ἀλλ' ἐγκόνει · δειπνεῖν κατακωλύεις πάλαι. τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντ' ἐστὶν παρεσκευασμένα, κλῖναι, τράπεζαι, προσκεφάλαια, στρώματα, στέφανοι, μύρον, τραγήμαθ', * * * άμυλοι, πλακοῦντες, σησαμοῦντες, ἴτρια, ὀρχηστρίδες, τὰ φίλταθ' ʿΑρμοδίου, καλαί. ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα σπεῦδε.

1090

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

κακοδαίμων έγώ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καὶ γὰρ σὰ μεγάλην ἐπεγράφου τὴν Γοργόνα. σύγκλειε, καὶ δεῖπνόν τις ἐνσκευαζέτω.

1095

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

παι παι, φέρ' έξω δευρο τον γύλιον έμοί.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

παί παί, φέρ' έξω δεύρο τὴν κίστην ἐμοί.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

άλας θυμίτας οἶσε, παῖ, καὶ κρόμμυα.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έμοι δε τεμάχη · κρομμύοις γάρ ἄχθομαι.

1100

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

θρίον ταρίχους οἶσε δεῦρο, παῖ, σαπροῦ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κάμοι σύ δημοῦ θρίου · ὀπτήσω δ' ἐκεί.





The priest of Bacchus begs your company and waits.

The feast is all prepared, from tables down to cates;

The cushions, couches, hangings, chaplets for the head,

The perfumes, sweetmeats, millet cakes, and wheaten bread,

And dancers; so make haste.

[Exit.

LAMACHOS.

My evil genius!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

You chose the Gorgon. Why reproach your fortune thus? But peace; get ready.

(As Lamachos calls for the various articles of his military equipment Dikaiopolis calls for the corresponding articles of his equipment for the feast.)

LAMACHOS.

Boy, bring out my havresack.

DIKATOPOLIS.

Boy, bring out the provision box for me to pack.

LAMACHOS.

Some thyme-sauce and some onions for my service chest.

DIKATOPOLIS.

And me a slice of fish; for onions I detest;

LAMACHOS.

Bring me a leaf of salt fish; it is soldier's fare.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

And me a leaf of stuffing; I will dress it there.



ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ένεγκε δεῦρο τὰ πτερὰ τὰ 'κ τοῦ κράνους.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έμοι δε τὰς φάττας γε φέρε και τὰς κίχλας.

 Λ AMAXO Σ .

καλόν γε καὶ λευκὸν τὸ τῆς στρουθοῦ πτερόν.

1105

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καλόν γε καὶ ξανθὸν τὸ τῆς φάττης κρέας.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ὧνθρωπε, παῦσαι καταγελών μου τών ὅπλων.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ὧνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ βλέπειν εἰς τὰς κίχλας;

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τὸ λοφείον έξένεγκε τῶν τριῶν λόφων.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κάμοι λεκάνιον των λαγώων δὸς κρεών.

1110

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

άλλ' ή τριχόβρωτες τούς λόφους μου κατέφαγον;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ' ή πρὸ δείπνου την μίμαρκυν κατέδομαι;

 $\Lambda AMAXO\Sigma$.

ωνθρωπε, βούλει μη προσαγορεύειν έμέ;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

οὔκ, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ χὼ παῖς ἐρίζομεν πάλαι.



LAMACHOS.

Bring me the feathers which upon my helmet sit.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

And me the pigeons and the thrushes from the spit.

LAMACHOS.

'Tis full and white! the ostrich is a noble fellow.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

The meat of wood pigeon is very plump and yellow.

LAMACHOS.

About my arms, my man, I'd have you cease your girds.
DIKAIOPOLIS.

Can you refrain, my man, from looking at my birds?

Now bring me out the mount which holds the triple crest.
DIKAIOPOLIS.

And me the dish of hare so exquisitely dressed.

LAMACHOS.

Alas! the moths have eat the long hair through and through.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Alas! I'm eating hare—and supper's yet to do!

Will you be pleased, my man, to cease addressing me?

Pooh! Pooh! T'is with my slave I venture to make free.





βούλει περιδόσθαι, κάπιτρέψαι Λαμάχω, πότερου ἀκρίδες ἥδιόν ἐστιν, ἡ κίχλαι;

1115

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

οίμ' ώς ύβρίζεις.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τὰς ἀκρίδας κρίνει πολύ.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

παι παι, καθελών μοι τὸ δόρυ δεῦρ' ἔξω φέρε.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

παι παι, σύ δ' ἀφελών δεύρο τὴν χορδὴν φέρε.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

φέρε, τοῦ δόρατος ἀφελκύσωμαι τοὔλυτρον. ἔχ', ἀντέχου, παῖ.

1120

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καὶ σύ, παῖ, τοῦδ' ἀντέχου.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τοὺς κιλλίβαντας οἶσε, παῖ, τῆς ἀσπίδος.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς τοὺς κριβανίτας ἔκφερε.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

φέρε δεθρο γοργόνωτον ἀσπίδος κύκλον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

κάμοι πλακούντος τυρόνωτον δὸς κύκλον.

1125

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ταῦτ' οὐ κατάγελώς ἐστιν ἀνθρώποις πλατύς;





What? Locust yield a meat as sweet as thrushes? Nay, I'll wager you it isn't; Lamachos shall say.

LAMACHOS.

You're insolent.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

He says that locusts win the day.

LAMACHOS.

Boy, boy, bring out my spear; it is above the shelf.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Boy, boy, bring out the string of sausage, stir yourself.

LAMACHOS.

Come, let me get the spear out of its cover; lend A hand to help me.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Aye, take you the other end.

LAMACHOS.

Bring out the tressels to support my goodly shield.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

To me bring out the rolls, their good support to yield.

And now the Gorgon-backed, the shield, sir, if you please.

And now a pancake—broad and rounder than a cheese.

LAMACHOS.

If men find this a joke, they'll own 'tis broad enough.





ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ταῦτ' οὐ πλακοῦς δῆτ' ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις γλυκύς;

AAMAXOZ.

κατάχει σύ, παι, τοὔλαιον. ἐν τῷ χαλκίῷ ἐνορῶ γέροντα δειλίας φευξούμενον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

1130

1135

κατάχει σὺ τὸ μέλι. κἀνθάδ' εὔδηλος γέρων κλάειν κελεύων Λάμαχον τὸν Γοργάσου.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

φέρε δεθρο, παι, θώρακα πολεμιστήριον.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έξαιρε, παῖ, θώρακα κἀμοὶ τὸν χόα.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

έν τῷδε πρὸς τοὺς πολεμίους θωρήξομαι.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έν τώδε πρὸς τοὺς συμπότας θωρήξομαι.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τὰ στρώματ', ὧ παῖ, δησον ἐκ της ἀσπίδος.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

το δείπνον, & παί, δήσον έκ τής κιστίδος.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

έγω δ' έμαυτώ τον γύλιον οἴσω λαβών.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έγω δε θοιμάτιον λαβων εξέρχομαι.



ninininininin

DIKAIOPOLIS.

If men find this a pancake—why, 'tis toothsome stuff.

LAMACHOS.

Now pour some oil upon the brass. I see reflected An old man in the act of cowardice detected.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Now pour some honey on. There is an old man here Laughing at Lamachos. Fitz-Gorgonus; that's clear.

LAMACHOS.

Bring me the martial plate with which I arm my breast.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Bring me the pitcher wherewithal I warm my chest.

LAMACHOS.

Against the enemies thus armed will I go out.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Thus armed am I prepared for any drinking-bout.

LAMACHOS.

Now tie the blankets in the hollow of the shield.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Now shut the box; so shall the supper be concealed.

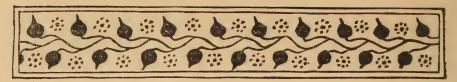
LAMACHOS.

And I myself will bear the wallet to the field.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

And I will take a wrap to go through any weather.





ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.



ΗΝ ἀσπίδ' αἴρου, καὶ βάδιζ', ὧ παῖ, λαβών. 1140 νίφει. βαβαιάξ · χειμέρια τὰ πράγματα.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

αἴρου τὸ δεῖπνον· συμποτικὰ τὰ πράγματα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

ἴτε δὴ χαίροντες ἐπὶ στρατιάν. ώς ἀνομοίαν ἔρχεσθον ὁδόν τῷ μὲν πίνειν στεφανωσαμένω, σοὶ δὲ ριγῶν καὶ προφυλάττειν, τῷ δὲ καθεύδειν μετὰ παιδίσκης ὡραιοτάτης.

1145

'Αντίμαχον τὸν Ψακάδος τὸν ξυγγραφῆ, τὸν μελέων ποιητήν,

ώς μεν άπλῷ λόγῳ κακῶς εξολέσειεν ὁ Ζεύς · ὅς γ' εμε τὸν τλήμονα Λήναια χορηγῶν ἀπέλυσ' ἄδειπνον.

1155

1150

δυ ἔτ' ἐπίδοιμι τευθίδος δεόμενον, ἡ δ' ἀπτημένη σίζουσα πάραλος ἐπὶ τραπέζη κειμένη ὀκέλλοι· κἦτα μέλλοντος λαβεῖν αὐτοῦ κύων ἀρπάσασα φεύγοι.
1160 τοῦτο μὲν αὐτῷ κακὸν ἔν· κἦθ' ἔτερον νυκτερινὸν γένοιτο. ἢπιαλῶν γὰρ οἴκαδ' ἐξ ἱππασίας βαδίζων,
1165 εἶτα κατάξειέ τις αὐτοῦ μεθύων τὴν κεφαλὴν 'Ορέστης μαινόμενος · ὁ δὲ λίθον λαβεῖν βουλόμενος ἐν σκότῷ λάβοι



了羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「羊「羊」羊「羊「羊」

LAMACHOS.

Now take you up the shield and we will go together. Bless me! it snows. The night is very dark and stormy.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Pick up the box. A pleasant evening is before me. [Exeunt omnes.

Go ye, each with cheery heart, but your ways lie wide apart; His to garlands and potation, yours to shiver at your station. We're determined to discuss our difference with Antimachos,

Calmly, simply, candidly;

Praying to the powers above, and the just, almighty Jove, To —— sink and blast him utterly.

He that sent us all away t'other evening from the play, Hungry, thirsty, supperless;

Him we shortly trust to see sunk in equal misery,

In the like distress,

With a pennyworth of fish, and a curious eager wish

To behold it fried:

Let him watch, and wait, and turn, with a hungry, deep concern, Standing there beside.

Let an accident befall, which shall overturn the stall,

And the fishes frying;

There shall he behold the dish topsy-turvy, with the fish In the kennel lying.

As he stoops to pick and wipe it, let a greedy greyhound gripe it, Snatch and eat it flying.

For one misfortune that may do—But I will find him number two—With ague fevered, on his way Towards his house some evening may Orestes with a madman's force Surprise and knock him off his horse. Then blindly groping for a stone



τἢ χειρὶ πέλεθον ἀρτίως κεχεσμένον ε ἐπάξειεν δ' ἔχων τὸν μάρμαρον, κἄπειθ' ἀμαρτὼν βάλοι Κρατίνον.

1170

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

δ δμῶες οὶ κατ' οἰκόν ἐστε Λαμάχου, ύδωρ ύδωρ έν χυτριδίω θερμαίνετε όθόνια, κηρωτήν παρασκευάζετε, έρι' οἰσυπηρά, λαμπάδιον περί τὸ σφυρόν. άνηρ τέτρωται χάρακι διαπηδών τάφρον, καὶ τὸ σφυρὸν παλίνορρον έξεκόκκισεν, καὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς κατέαγε περὶ λίθον πεσών, καὶ Γοργόν εξήγειρεν εκ της ἀσπίδος, πτίλον δὲ τὸ μέγα κομπολακύθου πεσὸν πρὸς ταῖς πέτραισι, δεινὸν έξηύδα μέλος. ὧ κλεινὸν ὄμμα, νῦν πανύστατόν σ' ἰδὼν λείπω φάος γε τουμόν, οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ. τοσαῦτα λέξας εἰς ὑδρορρόαν πεσὼν ανίσταταί τε καὶ ξυναντά δραπέταις ληστας έλαύνων και κατασπέρχων δορί. όδὶ δὲ καὐτός · ἀλλ' ἄνοιγε τὴν θύραν.

1180

1175

1185

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

άτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ,

στυγερὰ τάδε γε κρυερὰ πάθεα. τάλας ἐγὼ
διόλλυμαι δορὸς ὑπὸ πολεμίου τυπείς.
ἐκεῖνο δ' αἰακτὸν ἂν γένοιτό μοι,

Δικαιόπολις ἂν εἴ μ' ἴδοι τετρωμένον,
κἆτ' ἐγχάνοι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τύχαισιν.





May he find out—what he has thrown
Has left behind a dirty mark!
And may it flying in the dark,
Escape the man at whom it sped
But hit Kratinus on the head—
Enter Attendant on Lamaches.

ATTENDANT.

Here, women, get hot water, towels, lint, and plaster, And ankle bandages for Lamachos your master. A ditch came in his way which he must try to take; But somehow in the dark he jumped upon a stake; And got a dislocation of the ankle bone— Then in the fall he broke his head upon a stone. Alas! the Gorgon's head has tumbled from the shield And, much I fear, is left for dead upon the field— But when the Braggadocio fell among the stones There burst from him a loud lament in tragic tones, "Oh glorious eye, while thus on thee I look my last I take my leave of light; for I am dying fast." Thus having said he fell into an open drain— But then some thieves ran by and he rose up again. And followed with his spear, as they ran on before, But here he comes himself. So, pray undo the door. Enter attendants supporting the wounded Lamachos.

LAMACHOS.

Ahtattah! Ahtattah!
Anguish thrills me, numbness chills me,
Constant bleeding—hope receding—
'Tis the foeman's spear that kills me.
But that which grieves me most is this—
If that Dikaiopolis
Should behold me,
He would mock my dismal plight,
He would say it served me right,
As he told me.



ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ἀτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ

φιλήσατόν με μαλθακῶς, ὧ χρυσίω,

1200

τὸν γὰρ χόα πρῶτος ἐκπέπωκα.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

δ συμφορὰ τάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν. ἰὼ ἰὼ τραυμάτων ἐπωδύνων.

1205

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ιη ιη χαιρε Λαμαχίππιον.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

στυγερός έγώ.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

μογερός έγώ.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τί με σὺ κυνεῖς;

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

τί με σὺ δάκνεις ;

1210

τάλας έγω της έν μάχη ξυμβολης βαρείας.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

τοις Χουσὶ γάρ τις ξυμβολάς ἐπράττετο;

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

ιω ιω Παιάν Παιάν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

άλλ' οὐχὶ νυνὶ τήμερον Παιώνια.

1215



X E E E E E E

Enter Dikaiopolis and train.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Ahtah-latattah, ahtahtay! I drank the pitcher first to-day.

LAMACHOS.

Oh, for the sorrow of my heart!
Oh, for my wounds! they throb, they smart,

DIKAIOPOLIS.

My Lamachos! my jovial lad!

LAMACHOS.

I'm sorrowful.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

I'm very sad.

LAMACHOS.

Why kiss you me?

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Why do you bite?

LAMACHOS.

I've lost my reckoning in the fight.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

But who would call a guest to pay His reckoning upon Pitcher-day?





1220

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

θύραζέ μ' έξενέγκατ' ές τοῦ Πιττάλου παιωνίαισι χερσίν.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

ώς τοὺς κριτάς μ' ἐκφέρετε· ποῦ 'στιν ὁ βασιλεύς; ἀπόδοτέ μοι τὸν ἀσκόν.

1225

ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.

λόγχη τις ἐμπέπηγέ μοι δι' ὀστέων ὀδυρτά.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

όρᾶτε τουτονὶ κενόν. τήνελλα καλλίνικος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

τήνελλα δητ', εἴπερ καλεῖς γ', ὧ πρέσβυ, καλλίνικος.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

καὶ πρός γ' ἄκρατον ἐγχέας ἄμυστιν ἐξέλαψα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

τήνελλά νυν, & γεννάδα · χώρει λαβών τον ἀσκόν.

1230

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

έπεσθέ νυν ἄδοντες ὧ τήνελλα καλλίνικος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.

άλλ' έψόμεσθα σὴν χάριν τήνελλα καλλίνικον ἄδοντες σὲ καὶ τὸν ἀσκόν.





LAMACHOS.

Oh, bear me to the surgeon's; let him take me in.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

Oh, bear me to the judge's; let me have the skin.

LAMACHOS.

The spear has touched the bone;

I know it by the pains.

[Exit Lamachos and his attendants.

DIKAIOPOLIS.

The pitcher was well filled,

and not a drop remains.

For victory! hurrah!

CHORUS.

And so say we, hurrah!

DIKAIOPOLIS.

The wine was neat, I did the feat Without a pause: hurrah!

CHORUS.

You justly win; go, take the skin And our applause. Hurrah!

[Exeunt omnes.







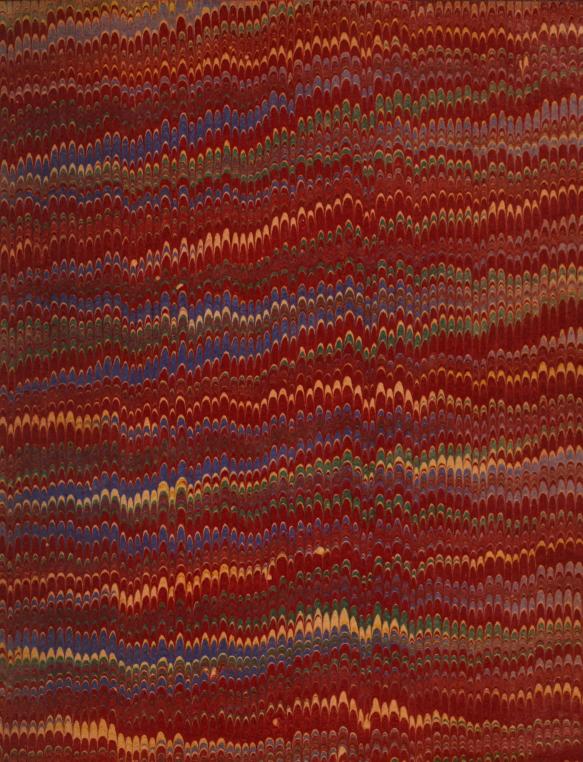
















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